The Centre Reporter.

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RUMORS OF WAR

MUTTERINGS OF WAR WITH THE BRITISH LION.

England Will Probably not Abide by the Decision in the Behring Sea Dispute. —What is Happening.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—War talk is again heard in Washington and, as usual, the naval officers are hoping that there may be something in it. It is not complimentary to the British government, which is pledged by formal treaty to abide by the decision of the arbitrators in the Behring Sea dispute, that so many people should be willing to believe that the massing of warships and troops in the Pacific indicates a disposition to dispute by force the decision of the arbitrators, should it be against England, as it is generally believed it will be, but the British government has upon more than one occasion in the past displayed some very queer ideas of the meaning of international honor. It has been suggested here that the talk about the Englsh not accepting the decision is all originated by the English, for the purpose of influencing the arbitrators in their decision. If so it is a very foolish proceeding, certainly as far as the American arbitrators are concerned. One of them—Senator Morgan, of Alabama—has more than once expressed the belief that another war between the United States and Englund was inevitable, and that the sooner it came the better for this country.

Notwithstanding all the sentimental talk about the increasing brotherly relations between the great English speaking nations, no well informed man will deny that there is greater rivalry between the United States and Great Britain to day than ever before, and it is the rivalry of commercial traffic, which has drawn England into more waters than any other one thing. The commercial supremacy of the world lies between the two nations, and that either of them will surrender the field peaceably to the other is not probable. No man can mingle with the prominent and representative men from all sections of the country who come to Washington without becoming convinced that a war with England would be very popular, particulary if England should be the aggressor. Nothing would please the American people more than for England to refuse to abide by the decision of the Behring Sea arbitration. Such a course would justify war and the Americans would so accept it.

Secretary Herbert left Washington to day on the Dolphin, to make a visit of inspection to all of the Atlantic coast navy yards. He expects to be gone about two weeks.

A contest over the House doorkeepership and Sergeant-at-arms is beginning to get quite spirited. Strong claims are being made by the friends of several candidates for both positions. There are also several candidates for postmaster of the honse, but only one for the clerkship, and so far none for chaplain.

There are a number of democrats in the House who are in some particulars the peers of any men who ever served therein but if there is any one of them who possesses preeminently all the qualities of a good leader he is not known at this time. It may be because there are so many able democrats in the House that no one of them has distinguished himself above a score of his colleagues, thus making it appear that the party lacked a leader, such as Sam Randall or Orpheus Kerr was. Whatever the cause of this condition of affairs may be it offers a splendid opportunity to the new members to come to the front.

Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, who was a member of the committee on rules of the last house, and who will, it is generally believed, occupy a similar position in the next house, has arrived, and as he expects to stay a long time he brought his family along. Mr. Catchings has the same idea that most of the democrats who served in the last house have about the necessity for the adoption of a rule by the next house that will prevent a few men tieing the house up whenever they are so inclined, and he agrees with Speaker Crisp in thinking that the proper way to do this is to adopt a rule giving the majority of the House the right to decide when a vote shall be taken upon any measure. That such a rule would expedite business cannot be doubted, and it would not be open to the objections raised against the obnoxious Reed rules, because it would place the authority for shutting off filibustering in the hands of a majority of the house, instead of the committee on rules, which was but another name for Reed in the last republican house. No democrat wishes to curtail full and free debate, but filibustering must be put down, or there will be no legislation by the house.

Secretary Morton is determined that the seeds sent out by the Department of Agriculture shall be what they purport to be, both as to the name printed on the package and growing qualities, and in accordance with that determination he has issued an order directing that the sellers of seeds to the Department be required to guarantee both in all future purchases.

Benefits the Land.

The farmers work never ceases. As soon as he houses one crop, he has to prepare for growing another. The farmer does a great deal of work without receiving a fair reward. This occurs sometimes because the ground does not contain fertility sufficient to produce a crop corresponding to his labor in cultivating it.

Dissolved South Carolina Rock has proven to be a cheap and beneficial assistant to the farmer. There are hundreds of farmers in Centre county, who are fully convinced, that, notwithstanding the low price of wheat, they have been greatly benefitted—more than three times the cost of the Dissolved Rock in the present crop. They know this by making a comparison with their own crop, as compared with their neighbors, who did not use any South Carolina Rock. These facts invite your attention to the advertisement of McCalmont & Co., who have had long experience in buying and selling fertilizers; and they have the satisfaction of being able to produce the testimony of hundreds of the best farmers in Centre County, that this firm furnishes the highest grade of fertilizers at the least possible cost, which is the best of all reasons, that it is to the interest of all farmers to purchase this class of goods of them.

Wm. H. Bailey, of Ferguson township, purchased a McCormick Self Binding Harvester in June last. After the harvester was set up ready for work in the field, Mr. Bailey remarked: "If I had not purchased that Dissolved South Carolina Rock from you people last year, judging of other crops of wheat on which it was not used, I would not have any use for a binder this year."

Your Home Paper.

Your local paper tells you when to go to church, to county court and to send your children to school or any where you want to go. It tells you who is dead, who is sick, who is married, who is born and many other things you would like to know. It calls attention to public enterprises, advocates the best laws and orders of the town. It records the marriage of your daughter, the death of your son, the illness of your wife, free of charge. It sets forth the advantages of your town and invites immigration and is the first to welcome new comers. Yet in spite of all these benefits, some people say that the home paper is not half as good as some other papers that have no interest in their business or success. The home paper is too often neglected by those who are benefitted by it.

A Handsome Monument.

Gotlieb Strohmeier, the marble cutter, last week received a consignment from Italy which was a statue, which will form part of the monument to be erected by Mrs. William Luse, to the memory of her late departed husband and children who died last winter at Farmers Mills. The statue is several feet in height and represents a woman as Patience, sitting, resting the head on the hand, and with the other holding a wreath. The statue is of the finest work, and was done in Italy.

The monument will be erected in the cemetery at Farmers Mills, where Mrs. Luse's family is interred. The statue will stand upon several large pieces of granite forming the pedestal.

Lock Haven Market.

Last week's Lock Haven curb market ran as follows: Butter, 18 to 20 cents per pound; eggs, 16 to 18 cents per dozen; spring chickens, 50 to 60 cents per pair; potatoes, 80 cents to $1.00 per bushel; string beans, 30 cents per peck; peas in pods, 30 cents per peck; shelled peas, 15 to 18 cents per quart; cherries, 4 cents per quart; raspberries, 8 to 10 cents per quart; onions, radishes beets and turnips, 5 cents per bunch; cabbage, 5 to 12 cents per head; lettuce, 2 to 5 cents per head; huckleberries, 10 to 20 cents per quart.

Then He Reformed.

A Lewisburg man came home drunk and began abusing his family. One of his children was thrown against the stove and was badly burned about the face, which will cause scars that will remain during life. One good thing, however, resulted from the accident. The man has reformed.

Died at Howard.

Mrs. Elizabeth Meese, mother of Mr. John Meese, the merchant of Bellefonte, died on Monday at her home at Howard, at the advanced age of about eighty years.

THE FATAL SUMMONS.

Mrs. Sarah Harpster Breathes Her Last Tuesday Evening.

On Tuesday evening, a few minutes past nine o'clock, Mrs. Sarah Harpster quietly and peacefully breathed her last, and her soul was ushered into the dim future whence none returneth, after an illness of not quite two weeks.

On Wednesday noon, 5th, while sitting at dinner she received a paralytic stroke which affected her left side, and it was followed the next morning by another which left her almost helpless. Her speech was affected and she had lost almost entire control of the muscles of her left side. With careful treatment she gradually grew better and her condition improved, so much so that her friends had hopes for her recovery. Last Saturday she was feeling considerably better, when about two o'clock in the afternoon she received a third stroke, which rendered her unconscious, in which condition she remained until death set in on Tuesday evening. She passed away gently and quietly. No struggle, the breath of life simply ceased and her soul had fled. Everything possible was done to relieve the afflicted lady, but medical science and skill was of no avail.

She was a widowed lady, her husband, Mr. Samuel Harpster, having died some years ago. She was the mother of two sons, Will and John, both located at Freeport, Ill., and was aged about 58 years. She was a member of the Lutheran church and was a regular attendant at all the services of the church, and was connected with its various societies and religious organinations. The funeral will take place this Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock from her late residence, and her remains will be interred in Centre Hall cemetery by the side of her late husband.

Doing Good Work.

Rev. C. W. Rishel, late pastor on the Morrisdale charge, now on the Ansonville circuit, is doing good work in his new field of labor and is very much pleased with the people and the locality. He is engaged in building three new churches and a parsonage on the circuit, the latter at Mahaffey and the churches at Berwinsdale, Bower and Gazzam. The church at Berwinsdale is about completed, and will be dedicated in three weeks. He informs us that the money for these improvements is nearly all raised, which is certainly a very creditable showing. The Reverend is located at Ansonville, but as soon as the new parsonage is completed will move to Mahaffey. Thirty two probationers were recently admitted, and others are to be received, and the future is very bright for successfnl work.—Philipsburg *Journal*.

How to Remove Rust Spots.

To remove rust from nickel plate, grease the rust stains with oil, and after a few days rub thoroughly with a cloth moistened with ammonia. If any spots still remain, remove them with diluted hydrochloric acid and polish with tripoli.

Rust spots may be removed from highly polished cutlery without injury to the surface by cleaning the article with a mixture of ten parts of tin putty, eight of prepared buckshorn, and twenty-five of alcohol, and then rubbing with blotting paper.

To keep silverware bright without constant rubbing, which is injurious to plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a pan of hot water, with a little soap; put the silver in and let it remain for an hour or so, then pour off the suds, rinse with clear, cold water and wipe with a soft cloth.

Marriage Licenses

Following is the list of marriage licenses granted the past week:

Charles Stranburg, and Cathrine Harker, Altoona, Pa.

John G. Huss and Mary M. Shreckengast, of Linden Hall.

William R. Comer and Viola B. Chatman, Trimbell county, Ohio.

John G. Brown and Jane Summerville, Philipsburg.

WEST VIRGIAIA reports having a volcano, as smoke is rising from a high hill five miles from Weston. Haines township, in this county, some 20 years ago reported having a volcano in the Narrows beyond Woodward—it was all smoke too—perhaps the Haines township spouter has gone to West Virginia. A volcano is a big thing and not every locality can have one.

FOR THE first time in the history of the trade every plate glass factory in the United States is closed and that indefinitely. Fully ten thousand men are idle as a result. The depression is attributed to three elements—overproduction, a tight money market and the arbitrary method of the plate glass trust.

——REPORTER only $1.50 per year.

THE WOMEN RULE

A KANSAS TOWN RULED BY THE FEMALES.

The Women Not Even Content With the Split Petticoat.—The Sterner Sex Shiftless but Must Work.

There is one town in Kansas that, having had a woman for mayor, was willing to make a second trial, or at least was willing to accept as final the wishes of the women of the municipality. Mrs. Barnes was elected without much opposition, Mayor of Geuda Springs, in Cowley county. As its name indicates, Geuda Springs is a laundry town to which the afflicted and the dirty of the adjoining towns resort when they desire to try the virtues of a bath. Without the springs and their supposed mineral qualities there never would have been a town in that particular locality. There is one hotel and the skeletons of two others which are fitted up every summer as soon as the bathing season begins. It is due to the energy of women that this is done, for whenever men have tried to make any improvements or progress they have failed.

Geuda Springs is essentially a woman's town, kept alive by the business qualifications that lead the fair ones to fit up boarding houses and then fill them up with the inhabitants of other places who have no bathing facilities at home. There is a lake, made by constructing dams across the little creek that runs above the town. This is semi-annually washed out, and the dam remains a ruin until the women compel their husbands, or other men dependent upon them to turn out with picks and shovels to repair it. The fact is there is no work there for men except in subordinate positions and those who remain there become as much like old women as it is possible for men to become.

The streets in the village are as much like country lanes as streets can be made. The sidewalks were until last year mere paths in the centre of the streets in dry weather, while in wet weather communication was practically suspended. The women rebelled at such shiftlessness and resolved to take things in their own hands, especially as they paid nearly all the taxes. A woman was elected mayor, and immediately, over the protests of the sterner sex, improvements were begun and sidewalks—real board sidewalks—were laid.

The first ones to benefit by this improvement were the men who had protested. They very soon recognized their utility, for there had never been such comfortable loafing places. On any sunny day or cool summer evening, groups of men, little groups, it is true, might be seen congregated in spots on these new boardwalks, settling in earnest discussion national questions, especially finance; for Geuda Springs is one of the reform town so far as the men are concerned.

As there was a woman council it was not long before the rights of the real governing class were infringed upon, for a "city ordinance" soon took from them the right to obstruct the walks between certain hours, those hours being when the women desired to shop or visit. When they remonstrated they were informed they could submit, go to work or go to Oklahoma. They choose the first, for either of the latter involved a dreaded occupation, that of self support.

There was a little disposition among the men this spring to return to the old order of things, but they were soon squelched in their own homes or at their boarding houses, so that when the contest was made at the city election the women were allowed to have their own way without interference. Mrs. Barnes, the new mayor, is one of the most energetic women of the town and if anybody can scrape the moss from fossils she is the person. If she fails the town will return to its old status as a country cross roads, in spite of the springs and the wash house that has been erected beside Lake Juanita.

THE GOLD reserve is gradually getting back to its full amount of $100,000,000 as a result of the slight improvement in the financial situation. Saturday it was $98,405,366 a gain of $26,997 over Friday.

There is a general concurrence among officials of the treasury department that the financial situation has improved and continues to improve. With all crops good besides, we see no cause for fear of hard times or starvation.

Absent by Order of Presbytery.

Rev. H. C. Baskerville will not fill his usual appointments next Sunday at Centre Hall and Spring Mills, but will be absent by direction of Presbytery in order to supply the Lick Run and Hublersburg churches. His other appointments will continue unchanged.

DEATH AT BUFFALO RUN.

Mrs. Nancy Hunter Dies on Friday Morning Last.

Mrs. Nancy Hunter, widow of the late Benjamin Hunter, died Friday morning at seven o'clock at the country residence which is located along the Buffalo Run road, about five miles from Bellefonte. In the spring Mrs. Hunter had a stroke of apoplexy but in course of time she became better and was able to walk about but could not attend to the duties of the house as was her custom. One evening, about three weeks ago, she again became very ill, and it was thought that she could not live. She, however, rallied and, in course of ten days was able to sit up in bed and converse with her friends. Friday morning about 5 o'clock, she took a sinking spell and at 7 o'clock she was called into the Celestial city to be forever with the Lord.

As stated, she was the widow of Benjamin Hunter, who preceded his wife to the grave about five years ago. He was quite a prominent man in Centre county and had hosts of friends.

Mrs. Hunter's maiden name was Miss Nancy Corl. After they were married a very nice family was the result of this happy union. Among the children living are Robert Hunter, of Bellefonte, the efficient clerk in the County Commissioner's office; Dorsey, Austin, Craig and Miss Nannie all at home. Rachael is married to Robert Henderson and lives not very far from the homestead. The deceased leaves two brothers and one sister which are as follows: Joseph Corf, of Winnebago, Ill., Robert Corl, of Linden Hall and Mrs. William Foster, of State College.

The deceased was a good woman and lived an honest, christain life, being a member of the Presbyterian church. She has many warm friends who will be sorry and grieved to hear of her death. Her age was 59 years.—*Gazette*.

New Law of Postal Cards.

It is a mistake to suppose that any card with handwriting upon it bearing a one cent stamp can be lawfully transmitted by mail as if it were an official postal card. The first paragraph of the 273d section of the postal law and regulations runs thus: "Postal cards cannot be issued by private parties. All cards other than those issued by the department, containing any writing are subject to letter postage; but if cards contain printed matter only, so as to constitute a circular, but one cent is required on each of them."

When this regulation is not properly complied with, there is very sure to be a tedious delay in the transmission of the card by the postoffice department.

Will Take the Air Route.

John Evans who resided in Springfield, Coal township, says the Sunbury *Daily*, has invented an air ship and will make his first ascension in the latter part of August, and says he will start from the fair grounds at weigh scales. The destination of this trip will be Chicago and he fully expects to startle the world's fair people by dropping down on them from the clouds. If his first trip is successful he will attempt to cross the Atlantic ocean and visit the country of his father, Wales. Evans is about 25 years of age, and is a lineman on the Shamokin electric street railway. He has been working on his air ship for five years. The ship will be propelled by gas and will weigh 400 pounds. The car will accommodate two persons.

Juniata Valley Camp Meeting.

The beautiful grounds of the Juniata Valley Camp-meeting Association, located at Newton Hamilton, will be open to tentholders Aug. 1, but camp-meeting services will not begin before the 8th, to continue ten days. The religious exercises will be in charge of Rev. A. S. Baldwin, of Muncy, Pa., assisted by an efficient ministerial force.

A post office, book store, news stand, commissary, restaurant, hotel and other accommodations are on the grounds.

BUSINESS prospects the country over are improving. The fact that the free gold in the treasury is rising $98,000,000 shows public confidence in the good intentions of the coming congress and in the Cleveland administration. It also indicates the wisdom of Secretary Carlisle in not listening to the clamor from Wall street for an issue of government bonds in order to purchase gold for which the treasury has no need.

Lutheran Picnic.

The Lutheran Sunday School has decided to hold a picnic on Thursday next, 27th, in Harper's woods, about one and one-half miles east of town. Every one is invited to attend, whether connected with the school or not.

Celery Plants for Sale.

1000 celery plants for sale by Mrs. Moses Richard, Centre Hall.

Duping old Soldiers.

Henry Dauberman, who passed as a government detective, was arrested near Harrisburg last Saturday for defrauding old soldiers.

Dauberman's plan of operation was a shrewd one. He had in some manner at Washington secured the names of pensioners who live in that section of the state. Then he went there about two or three months ago and set to work. His scheme was to call upon an old soldier who was down on the list as a pensioner and inform him that he was a government official from Washington with a warrant for his arrest.

The warrant, which was well gotten up, was for the pensioner's arrest on the charge of fraudulently obtaining money from the government by pretending to have wounds or ailments contracted while in the civil war. This would generally scare the old soldiers who would try to get out of it. Then seeing his advantage the fake detective offered to destroy the warrant or hush it up for $100 or $200. The money was usually forthcoming as the person was only too glad of the opportuity to get out of the scrape.

In this way Dauberman is believed to have made from $50 to $200 in each instance by using a little nerve. He is alleged to have defrauded a large number of people and invariably told them to say nothing about it as it might leak out and they would have to stand trial for fraudulently obtaining money.

The Fair Making Money.

A net balance of $1,127,418 profit is the fair's record for May and June, according to Auditor Ackerman's official statement to the fair directors. The receipts from ticket sales, concessions and other sources since July 1 have been over $1,000,000, and a large reduction in the floating debt has been made since that time.

According to the statement, the total gate receipts were $2,121,661, including $282,449 received prior to May 1. The total expenditures to June 30 were $20,610,160. Of this amount $16,456,663 is charged to construction. His estimates, however, put the operating expenses for May at $609,884, and receipts at $715,403. During June the estimated receipts were $1,660,820, and expenses $642,921.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at J. D. Murray's Drugstore.

Sudden Death.

A dispatch received by Dr. J. F. Harter, of Millheim, on the 12th, conveyed the sad news of the sudden death of his sister, Miss Lillie Harter, which occurred at Glenn Union, Clinton county, yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. The direct cause of her death is not known at this writing, but, in a letter to her sister, Mrs. Wm. Miller, dated a few days back, she says that she received a serious injury to one of her limbs which caused it to swell very much and that she suffered intense pain. From this information her friends here are inclined to believe that she died from blood poisoning. Her age was 42 years, 7 months and 5 days.—Millheim *Journal*.

SPEAKING OF the fire at the World's Fair, the New York *Sun* says:

It was a narrow escape. Had the wind been from another quarter, it would not have taken more than an hour to obliterate every building in Jackson Park. The Transportation building, the Horticultural, the Mining, the Agricultural, the Administration, the Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the Women's, even the Art Gallery, to say nothing of the interminable quantity of intermediate fuel, all would have gone.

Never were structures more inflammable than are those at the World's Fair. They are of wood, so disposed that it offers the least conceivable resistance to combustion.

Closed Them Up.

The law and order society at Philipsburg prohibits the sale of cigars or soda water on the Sabbath. They should get after the hotel men and indict them for furnishing meals to travelers on sunday.

——REPORTER only $1.50 per year.

THE NEWS.

A small cyclone did a great deal of damage in the town of Elmwood, Neb.——Pauline Jordan, in Norfolk, charged with pension frauds, was acquitted.——The fourth anuual reunion of the Reformed Church in the United States was celebrated in Carlisle, Pa. ——Buck & Toan, bankers and dealers in hardware in Plymouth, Ind., closed their doors and assigned to R. B. Oglesbee.——Crickets are reported to be ruining the crops in Wyoming.——Two more of those injured in the West Shore Railroad collision, at Newbury, N. Y., died——The Logansport (Ind.) Manufacturing Company's buildings burned to the ground. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $50,000. The institution was one the largest in the state, manufacturing all kinds of wood materials for wagons, etc.

Secretary Hoke Smith has visited Fort Totten Indian Agency. He was met by two hundred pupils of the Indian industrial school, led by an Indian band. The Indians made known their grievances. Chief Waanaltan presented Secretary Smith with the pipe of peace.——Governor Jones, of the Choctaw Nation, says he will have the nine prisoners shot.——A carriage containing the board of appraisers of the National Building and Loan Association of New York was run into by a train on the Kanawha and Coal River Railroad at Spring Hill, West Virginia, and Capt. E. M. Stone, of Charleston, was instantly killed and F. W. McDaniel, special agent, was fatally injured.——The town of Luckey, Ohio, was partially destroyed by fire. The business section was almost completely wiped out. The loss will aggregate $100,000; insurance about $40,000.——Hostilities are reported to have broken out in Samoa.——Rev. H. W. Peck, a Canadian minister who has just come to New Brunswick from Hawaii says the conditions there justify annexation by the United States.——Dr. Henry C. W. Meyer was arrested in Detriot on various charges of poisoning people to get their insurance.——While a large party of Odd Fellows were returning to Jamestown, N. Y., where they had attended an installation of officers, the carriage containing Frank Newhouse and Dexter Whiteford was struck by an Erie train and both men were killed. They leave families.——A monster mass-meeting was held in Salt Lake, Utah, in the interest of silver. Resolutions were adopted referring to the widespread distress in the West, and appealing to Congress to replace the sherman act by absolute free coinage of silver at some just ratio to gold.——William Repeke, who confessed and implicated twelve others in the murder of Albert Molitor at Rogers City in 1857, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree in Alpena, Mich.——Waterloo, Iowa, was visited by a cyclone storm, which did $5,000 damage to buildings, shade trees and sidewalks. As far as known, no lives were lost.——Wm. S. Steinway, of New York, received from Emperor William the insigna of the Order of the Red Eagle of the third-class.——Information received in New York from Japan tells of the brutal murder and butchery of a number of men, woman and children in a japanese village.

At Philadelphia, Judge Butler, in the United States District Court, confirmed the report of James C. Sellers, the master who audited the account of Thomas H. Montgomery, the receiver of the Universal Order of Co-operation. The members will receive thirty per cent. on their claims.——Herman and Olga Pressmann, brother and sister, who came from Russia, and Patrick McCallin, who arrived in New York ten days ago from Ireland, were found in Philadelphia to be suffering from typhus fever.——Archibald Livingston, of Australia, was drowned at Philadelphia in the Delaware River.——At Lockport, N.Y., fire injured the property of A. J. Mansfield & Co., glass manufacturers, $40,000; insurance, $45,000.——The Starr Mills, at Shelbyville, Ill., failed for $80,000.——At West Superior, Wis., fire destroyed the Lake Superior Mineral Paint Company's factory; loss, $100,000.——Attacks on the Chinese at Portland, Ore., are frequent.——In a famous land case of Gen. Russ vs. Count Telfener, of Italy, a jury at Austin, Texas, gave a verdict for Gen. Russ of $529,947.——At Milwaukee, the grand jury indicted F. A. Lappan, F. T. Day and William Plankington for illegal methods in banking.

The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Henry, a brother of the German Emperor, will visit the World's Fair.——In a collision on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, near Johnsonbury, Pa., Engineer John Braddock was killed and two trainmen crushed to death.——A woman opium smuggler was captured in North Idaho.——Secretary Carlisle is personally investigating in Chicago the violations of the customs laws by foreign exhibitors in selling goods in bond entered as exhibits, and steps will be taken to prosecute the offenders.——Abert Bomberger, a farm hand, murdered Mr. Krieder, his wife and four of his children and assaulted Miss Annie Krieder, at their home near Cando, N. D.——A platform at West Brighton Beach, Coney Island, on which a large crowd of people were waiting for a train, gave way, and fifteen persons were injured.——In addition to the great number of lives lost in the Iowa cyclone, the estimated damage to property exceeded $800,000.——Charles Mitchell was killed at Brigantine Beach, N. J., by taking hold of a live wire.——At San Francisco, John W. Flood, who was convicted of embezzling $164,000 from the Donohue, Kelley Bank, has been granted a new trial by Judge Seawell. Bail was fixed at $50,000. ——The First National Bank of Hot Springs, S. D., closed its doors.

FIGHTING IN BRAZIL.

Another Insurrection Reported to Have Broken Out in Rio.

The insurrection in Rio Grande do Sul has broken out again at Baga. The railway has been cut and the city of Rio Grande has been invested by the rebels. General Sarraiva, the insurgent leader, is marshaling his forces at Pelotas.

A hundred armed passengers, led by the insurgent Admiral Wandelkolk, boarded the steamer Jupitor at Buenos, and when out at sea overpowered the crew and took the vessel into Rio Grande.

The Central Government has ordered the squadron to be prepared to blockade Rio Grande do Sul. Admiral Wandelkolk with the captured steamer Jupiter has joined the Federal flotilla. General Castilho is reported to be sending troops for the defense of the city.

A FIRE AT THE FAIR.

The Cold Storage Warehouse Completely Destroyed.

Eighteen Men Roasted to Death on a Tower.

The large cold storage warehouse erected by the Hercules Iron Co., of Chicago, just inside the World's Fair grounds, near the Sixty-fourth street entrance, was completely destroyed by fire and the big paint shop adjoining was partly burned while 35,000 persons looked on. As far as is known at least eighteen men lost their lives and nineteen were injured. It was the most serious disaster that has happened to the fair, and no such loss of life at a fire has been known in Chicago since 1871. The money loss is estimated at $650,000.

The full extent of the death wrought may never be known, as the building collapsed totally in so short a time after the fire started that many people who entered the building hoping to render aid before the peril under which they were placing themselves was realized went unannounced to their doom.

It is said that but four Columbian guards are missing, but there are many vacancies in the different companies scattered about the grounds and their captains, while refusing to commit themselves, fear that their men have been cremated.

THE BURNED BUILDING.

The cold storage warehouse was 130 by 255 feet. It cost $250,000, and was built of wood and staff, and was stored with meats, vegetables, fruits and wines belonging to the restaurants on the grounds. It had a massive tower 260 feet high. The establishment was outfitted with complete apparatus for the manufacture of ice, refrigerating, &c., and was on the grounds as an exhibit. An artificial ice rink in the top story had just been completed, and the place was usually thronged with sight seers.

THE FIRE STARTED.

About 1:30 o'clock P. M. a small fire broke out in the tower. Twenty-five firemen went to work to extinguish it. While they were thus engaged flames suddenly burst out 25 feet below them and they were forced to jump 100 feet to the main roof of the building. The thrilling spectacle brough thousands of sight-seers to the neighborhood, and the excitement became intense. Brave firemen ran up ladders to the rescue of their comrades. Fire Chief Murphy was on the roof, but escaped to the floor below and thence to the ground without injury. The fire spread with great rapidity, bursting out all over the tower. Five minutes later the blazing tower fell with a terrific crash, carrying down with it the roof. Fifty firemen were on the building at the time, and one ladder was their only means of escape. A number of them fell one hundred feet to the ground, and several were carried down with the roof into the interior of the building, which was a literal fiery furnace.

The loss of so many men almost paralyzed the fire department. The Columbian guards endeavored to keep the crowds back, but thirty-five thousand people pressed forward as close as the heat would permit.

IMPRISONED AMID FLAMES.

The first intimation of danger came to the victims when smoke appeared under them, and as the wind blew it into their faces they retreated in an orderly body beyond the landing to the north side of the tower with the exception of one man, a painter, who slid down the hose which had been brought up to the south side of the tower.

It may be that more would have taken this apparently sure and safe means of escape had it not been for the smoke, which seemed to envelop them. It seemed as if the victims changed position because they feared flames would soon follow the smoke which they saw.

The flames had been devouring five feet of the framework which surrounded the cast-iron shaft that pierced the tower below the men. Quick as a flash, like a band of molten gold, flames burst through the square tower just underneath the imprisoned men on all sides.

The gold letters "Hercules Ice Skating Rink and Cold Storage Warehouse" were in the centre of the tower and around them the flames circulated and raised to mock and torture the poor wretches to whom the eyes of thousands were turned.

In a few seconds the imprisoned ones felt the scorching fire coming, and with one impulse of self-preservation the men moved quickly to where the ropes were attached at the northwest corner. They could not look down and see the flames because of the projecting cornices, but they knew where the ropes were, and they huddled together, some without their coats, others hatless, and all preparing to save themselves if they could.

The man nearest the rope grasped it and descended. But for a dozen feet the flames had no mercy, the rope was burned in two, and with feet downward the first victim shot through the air to the main roof. He turned partly over before he struck and bounded up, lying as if dead.

A great cry of anguish and fear came up from thousands on the ground and at other points where the first of those awful leaps and falls could be seen. Strong men wept and women became hysterical.

LEAPING TO DEATH.

The men on the tower only prolonged their consciousness of life, for all were doomed to die, yet they struggled to catch at anything which seemed to hold out a chance to leap and live. One by one they dropped from the tower, some clinging to the burning rope as far as it afforded them any hold and then shooting through a solid sheet of flame to the roof.

The sight was too much for even the militarymen and the firemen on the ground to bear without a shudder and a turning away of faces. Human forms leaping through flames a hundred feet or more down, down to sure death, presented a sight the stoniest heart could not witness unmoved.

One last man on the tower waited without apparent fear until there was only himself left. He was a fireman and he grasped the remnant of burning rope just as the whole tower-structure parted diagonally and fell towards the north, right over the prostrate bodies of the poor fellows who had leaped to escape the pitiless flames.

The last man who went down to death with the tower kept feet down as far as the rope went and then the rush of flames and air was so great that his body was turned round and round in the passage within sight of all and the blazing tower fell over his form, making a funeral pyre and ending his agony, if he was not dead before striking the roof. One victim remained on the tower until the flames from below had burned his legs so that the flesh peeled from the bone.

When that tower toppled over there was no hope of saving any who had not been taken off the roof. The bodies on striking had become imbedded nearly three feet in the gravel and the tar between the wooden joists and only a few could be removed to a place of safety before the great central tower crashed over.

For the crew of the Falcon, that takes Lieutenant Peary to the arctic regions, the explorer has chosen men who do not use tobacco. He does not think the consumption of nicotine advantageous in far northern latitudes.

The number of recruits to be drawn in Russia by conscription this year is fixed by imperial mandate at 262,000.

CABLE SPARKS.

A 10,000-ton steamship for the American Line was launched in Glasgow.

The Spanish steamer Don Juan was burned at sea near the Philippine Islands.

The Pope has given 500,000 francs for spreading the faith in foreign countries.

Guy DeMaupassant, the distinguished French romancist, died aged forty-three years.

The boiler of a steamboat on the Volga river, in Russia, exploded, killing twenty-six persons.

The Spanish steamer Trillo has been burned near Jutia Key, Sagua. One person jumped overboard and was drowned.

Sevelle, Spain, was in a state of excitement over the activity of anarchists, who placed bombs in various parts of the city.

The British steamships Elba and William Ball collided off the east coast of England, and both were sunk. Their crews were saved.

A treaty between China and Brazil is nearly concluded by the terms of which Chinese emigration to Brazil will be stimulated.

Rescuing parties have entered the Thornhill colliery, in Yorkshire, and taken out the bodies of eighty-eight victims of the recent explosion.

When the Camperdown was placed in dry dock at Malta it was found that her stem had been broken and serious injury inflicted upon the bow-plates.

Emperor William has conferred upon Dr. Johannes Miquel, Prussian minister of finance, the decoration of Grand Cross of Order of Red Eagle.

The Reichstag was opened in person by the German Emperor, who in his speech from the throne urged upon the members the necessity of passing a new army bill at once.

JUSTICE BLATCHFORD DEAD.

The Supreme Court of the United States Loses a Member.

A despatch from Newport, R. I., says:—Associate Justice Samuel Blatchford passed quietly and peacefully from earth at 7:20 P. M. He retained consciousness until an hour or two before his death. There was no sudden change in his condition, simply the gradual slipping away which has been taking place for the last week.

The body will be taken to Washington for interment. For many seasons he has been a quiet visitor in the city during the summer season, residing in his own cottage, on Greenough Place, and while not greatly given to society followings, he was frequently entertained in the first families.

Samuel Blatchford was born in the city of New York March 9, 1820. He was the son of Richard M. Blatchford, a noted lawyer. Samuel was educated at the Pittsfield Academy in Massachusetts, and at the grammar school of Columbia College, New York, from which college he graduated in 1837. He was private secretary to William H. Seward from 1839 to 1841, and military secretary on the staff of the Governor of New York up to 1843. He was admitted to the bar in 1842, and was made a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State in 1845. In the latter part of the same year he went to Auburn and joined Mr. Seward and Christopher Morgan as a law partner. In 1851 he was nominated for a judgeship on the Supreme Bench, but was not elected. In 1854 he returned to New York city, and in the following year was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of the State for the first district, but declined. In 1867 he was appointed district judge of the United States for the southern district of New York. In 1882 he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

WINDSTORM IN CHICAGO.

Considerable Damage Done to the Exhibits on the Fair Grounds.

A wind storm of terrific force, followed by a heavy downpour of rain passed over the White City a few minutes before 6 o'clock in the evening, doing considerable damage to the different buildings and to the exhibits stored therein.

The afternoon was sultry, and as it drew to a close the atmosphere became oppressively heavy. Not a breath of air was stirring and heavy black clouds banked up to the north and east. About 5:45 the storm burst suddenly over the park. Ten thousand people were grouped about the pavilion to the east of Manufacturer's Building enjoying the music being given by the Cincinnati Band. The wind, sweeping dense clouds of blinding dust before it, caught them as it did everybody, totally unawares. They hastily rushed for the shelter of the big buildings and entered the doors in much disorder.

The guards after admitting the crowds, endeavored to close the doors, but the force of the wind shut the doors with such violence that the glass in three big entrances was shattered into fragments.

There was much confusion, but as the blow lasted ten minutes the people soon became calm.

The same scene occurred at other buildings on the ground.

READY FOR HER DAY.

Virginia Prepared to Make a Splendid Showing at the Fair.

The committee on ceremonies on Virginia Day at the World's Fair have completed arrangements for the exercises of that occasion. Virginia Day will be August 9, the anniversary of the meeting of the first colonel assembly of the Commonwealth.

The use of the massive hall on the Exposition grounds having been tendered by Vice-President Higginbotham, of the World's Fair commission, the ceremonies will be open in that spacious structure at 2 p. m., with an introductory address by Col. A. S. Buford, president of the Virginia board. Col. Buford's address will be followed by the recitation of an ode by Rev. Beverly D. Tucker, of Norfolk, and an oration from Senator John W. Daniel at 6 o'clock p. m.

Gov. McKinney, who will attend with his staff, will hold a reception in the Virginia building. The committee decided to issue invitations to the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet, the mayor of Chicago, the commissioners of the other States, the national commissioners, and the chief officials of the Exposition, as well as to hundreds of prominent Virginians.

TEN THOUSAND IDLE.

Every Plate-Glass Factory in the Country Closed.

For the first time in the history of the trade every plate-glass factory in the United States is closed, and that indefinitely. Fully 10,000 men are idle as a result. The depression is attributed to three elements—over production, a tight money market, and the arbitrary methods of the plate-glass trust. Every plant in the country is now stocked with a large surplus, with no orders. It is the impression that the factories will resume about the middle of September. Many of the glass workers are in straitened circumstances and are entirely dependent upon aid.

CRASH IN A DEPOT YARD.

Women the Victims of a Railroad Disaster.

A Fast Moving Passenger Train Runs Into a Freight.

West Shore day express No. 1, due at Newburg, N. Y., at 12.04 P. M., was wrecked in the West Shore freight-yard, Newburg. Five women were killed and many more wounded.

The train consisted of locomotive No. 200, baggage and express car, a smoking-car, two day coaches and the parlor-car "Lurline." The engineer was Daniel Shelb and the conductor Richard Anderson. The train was a few minutes late at Cornwall, four miles south of Newburg, and was running very fast. When it reached the switch which connects the main line with the West Shore freight-yard, a mile south of the station, the engine picked up, it is supposed, a loose object, which caused it to jump upon a frog and leave the track. It ran upon the ties a distance equal to the length of the train, and it then crashed into a freight train standing in the yard. The crash was terrific. The freight train was being made up to start southward, and was waiting for the express to pass. The freight train had locomotive No. 206, in charge of Fred Holland. The express engine was evidently farther off the track than the remainder of the train, and when it struck the freight engine it was thrown to one side, and the tender torn from it. The engineer, upon feeling the engine leaving the track, shut off the steam, whistled for brakes, and he and the fireman jumped.

The latter, Charles Willis, ruptured a blood vessel, and was badly bruised. He was taken to the hospital. The engineer escaped with very slight injuries. Fred Holland, engineer of the freight, had his skull fractured at the base, and was cut over the eye. It is thought that he will recover. No one else on the freight was hurt. There were about a dozen persons in the smoking-car, and nearly all escaped injury. Day coach No. 71 was filled with passengers, every seat being occupied. Nearly all the casualties occurred in this car. It swayed to one side, and struck the projecting end of a box car standing on a side track. The entire side of No. 71 was ripped off, and the end nearest to the smoker was smashed. All those who were killed were on that side of the car.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

Walter M. Berard, assessor of Highland Falls, was the only passenger in this car who escaped injury. He said that he occupied a seat behind three women. Across the aisle were several ladies and children. He noticed little, if any, shock when the car ran over the switch. The crash came after the train had gone several yards on the side track. There was a lull for a moment; then everything became a scene of the wildest confusion, and the air was filled with the cries and groans of the wounded. The seat occupied by Mr. Berard was broken into pieces, but he escaped as by a miracle. The parlor cars' trucks were broken, but the passengers, except for being severely shaken up, were not injured.

The railroad and coal dockmen in the neighborhood at once went to the place and began to clear away the wreckage and to pull out the dead and wounded. The police and physicians of Newburg were notified, and about a dozen of the latter hurried to the scene and began caring for the wounded.

PENSIONS TO BE REVISED.

Thousands of Those Who Draw Them Must Prove Their Right.

The Pension Bureau has notified a great many pensioners throughout the entire country who are drawing pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, known as the Dependent Pension Act, that payment of their pensions will be suspended for sixty days, during which time they are required to show cause why they should continue to draw pensions.

The testimony necessary to prove their being dropped from the rolls is the certificate of a reputable physician, attested by two witnesses to the effect that the pensioner is precluded from active labor, owing to injuries or disability not the result of his own vicious habits.

In case no attention is paid to the department notification within sixty days the pensioner will be dropped from the roll. On the other hand, should the necessary certificate, properly drawn up and signed, be forwarded to the Pension Bureau, the pensioner will be requested to appear before the Local Board of Medical Examiners for examinations as to his condition.

This action is pursuant to the recent ruling of Secretary Smith to the effect that a pensioner under act of June 27, 1890, drawing a pension for total disability must be shown to be physically incapable of manual labor. The Board of Review appointed to carry into effect that decision, is now going over all of the cases of June 27, 1890, probably 100,000 in number, and selecting those cases which show in the record that the pensioner may not be incapacitated for manual labor.

AN INSTANT DEATH.

James Carlin Never Knew What Struck Him.

James Carlin was instantly killed by a stroke of lightning at his residence in Jamaica, L. I. Death could not have been more instantaneous had Mr. Carlin sat in an electrical chair. The lightning struck at the roof, followed a leader down to a spot where it touches the building, ran through the body from feet to head, cavorted around the room found egress into the kitchen by an open doorway, and from thence passed through another doorway to the yard, where it buried itself in the ground, after leaving a burned track as though a fiery serpent had swept on the instant through the house.

Carlin's wife saw the lightning strike and that her husband remained immovable, but supposed that he was simply stunned. She and her little boys put out the flames and then went over to her husband and tried to awaken him, but without success. She chafed his hands, but they remained inanimate. She could not bring him to consciousness, and sent one of the boys for the doctor.

But before the doctor arrived she was satisfied of the horrible truth. His clothes were burned and torn and it was found that the skin of his breast adhered to his red woolen shirt. His body was black. The woodwork of the lounge was splintered near the head, the hole in the wall that the bolt made is no bigger than a 10-cent piece.

A FAMILY POISONED.

The Father and Daughter Are Dead and the Others Are Critically Ill.

Isaac Mitchell and his entire family, consisting of five persons, were poisoned at Charleston, S. C. Mitchell and his daughter Ada are dead and the others critically ill.

The physicians who made the post-mortem agree that the victims died from arsenical poison.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

I. D. Rivers was drowned at Sullivan's Island, South Island, while trying to save two women who were in bathing and had got beyond their depth.

The body of one of the two men drowned off the wrecked schooner Thomas Havens, on June 26, was recovered at North Long Branch, New Jersey.

Christina Scheibler, aged 18 years, accidentally shot and killed her sweetheart, Henry Gohl, at her home, in New York. They were firing revolvers to usher in the Fourth.

By the upsetting of a wagon at Oregon City, Oregon, M. P. Bradley, his wife and four children, were thrown over a precipice 40 feet high. Mrs. Bradley was killed and two children fatally injured.

Captain Anderson, of the Viking ship, on its way to Chicago, had a narrow escape from drowning at Clyde, New York. He went in bathing, and was carried under the ship by the current, but was saved by some of the students on board.

News reached Ottawa of a collision on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Rossport, 100 miles east of Port Arthur, Ontario, between a ballast train and a handcar. The train was wrecked and seven men were badly injured, of whom four have since died.

The Chief Clerk of the War Department has reported to the United States Civil Service Commission the death of 22 clerks in the Record and Pension Office of the War Department, in consequence of the accident at Ford's Theatre building on the 9th ultimo.

A Montreal, Canada, newspaper published a letter from one of a party of tourists to the Northwest, stating that on June 20th, 20 Finlanders working on the Canadian Pacific Railway were killed by a landslide near Schreiber, at the head of Lake Superior.

While "celebrating" at Fire Department headquarters, at Ann Arbor, Mich., a cannon burst, injuring four firemen. One of them, named Kapp, who held the cannon on his knee while Charles Carroll was ramming the charge home, had his right leg blown off. Carroll lost both his hands.

EXTRA SESSION TALK.

Representative Wilson Thinks the Session Will Be Continuous.

Representative J. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, is in Washington. Questioned as to the probable outcome of the extra session Mr. Wilson said:—

It has always been my belief that the extra session will be continuous and that no recess will be taken. Under any circumstances, however, the tariff question will be considered. As soon as the Committee on Ways and Means is announced the tariff will be taken up by them, and even should there be a recess before the regular session in December the committee will continue to have sessions for the consideration of the new tariff law which the committee will report to the House."

The rumored intention to place Mr. Wilson at the head of the Committee on Ways and Means was mentioned and he was asked if he would except the place. Mr. Wilson hesitated a moment and then replied with a smile: "I have never known of anyone refusing a good chairmanship if it was offered to him. But I will say that the chairmanship of that committee during the next Congress will not have his honor without his labors.

A MUSCULAR PREACHER.

He Threw a Crank Who Abused Him Bodily Out of the Church.

Dr. H. C. Neal, the minister of the Methodist Church, at Kirkpatrick, Ind., had just concluded a temperance sermon when O. O. C. Evans, one of the leading Prohibitionists of Indiana, arose and began a speech denouncing all laymen and ministers not belonging to the third party as hypocritical knaves and rascals.

Dr. Neal called upon him to desist when Evans started to abuse him. Dr. Neal finally came down from the pulpit and threw the disturber bodily out doors, while the audience cheered enthusiastically.

WAR IMMINENT IN SAMOA.

The Factions of Mataafa and Malietoa May Come to Blows.

A steamer which arrived from the Samoan Islands brings despatches indicating that a war is imminent between the faction supporting King Malietoa and the adherents of Chief Mataafa.

A British warship has been ordered to proceed to Apia, the capital of the islands, where she will join the German and American warships in preserving order and protecting foreigners.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Walter Camp will soon bring out a book on college sports.

Charles Nordhoff, the New York Herald man, who has returned from Honolulu, says Minister Blount wouldn't stay in the islands for $60,000 a year.

The forty-second meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in August at Madison, Wis. The local secretary is Professor C. R. Barnes, of the State University.

Austin Dobson does not look like a writer of daintily romantic and musical verse. He is the type of the common-sensible, middle-class Englishman. He is stout, and of medium height, and has a florid complexion, a pair of shrewd, kindly, bluish-gray eyes, an aquiline nose, a moderate quantity of dark-brown hair, and a thick bushy mustache.

Boston acts on the rapid transit question in the real town-meeting style, that is, by popular election. In the fall it will decide whether it will accept the rapid transit scheme prepared for it by the Legislature. The plan, in brief, is for the city to acquire the private property necessary for the opening of an avenue some five miles in length in which an elevated railroad shall be operated by the person or corporation offering the city the best terms. The road, its branches and extensions, lands, structures, rails and other property connected with the realty and situated in said city of Boston, shall revert to the city at the expiration of the period for which the contract is made which can be at the longest fifty years.

The Mollie Gibson, the most famous silver producer in Colorada, would not have been closed down had the silver market exhibited any signs of firmness. The ore in this property is the richest ever found in Colorado. Chunks of it weighing as high as 1,000 pounds have been mined which have contained more pure silver than would be contained in 1,000 pounds of coined silver dollars, on the basis that the coined dollars contained 6 per cent. alloy. This mine for two years has been paying in dividends $150,000 per month. The gross output last year was $2,800,000. Several fortunes were lost in developing the mine, and three years ago the stock went begging for less than 25 cents per share. When big finds were made the stock rose as high as $11, and until the present panic in silver came about the stock ranged about $8.

Complaint was made to the French government of the brutal treatment of the surgeons in the charity hospital by the Paris police.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

At Pettibone shaft, near Wilkes-Barre, two miners were killed, two fatally injured and and two others badly bruised and burned by an explosion of gas, ignited from a naked lamp.

Fifteen thousand people attended the funeral of the Kreider family in Lancaster County and many exciting scenes attended the burial. Annie Kreider, one of the children spared by murderer Bomberger, told a thrilling story of the massacre.

A truce is being arranged between the waring Evangelical factions at Williamstown, Dauphin County, to permit of the burial of the dead.

A receiver has been applied for at Pittsburg for the Blaine Land and Improvement Company.

Mrs. William Moyer, of Northampton County, while berrying was bitten by a copperhead snake and her life is despaired of.

The Center Iron Company has shut down its works for two months.

Michael DeLaney, at Lancaster, went to examine a quarry fuse which hung fire and was riddled with stones when the explosion came.

The Carlisle Two-Wheeler Company has failed.

Linford Yost, aged 35 years, a painter, living near Bridgeton, committed suicide by shooting himself with a shot gun.

Levi Nagle, of Pottstown, was found dead in his bed, aged 75 years. For fifty years he followed the vocation of forgeman.

Major E. B. Watts, of the Eighth Regiment, N. G. P., has appointed Sergeant Wm. Henderson, of Company G, adjutant of the second battalion of the regiment.

E. J. Shoemaker, a merchant of Allentown, had the "flim-flam" game played on him by a smooth-tongued stranger and his confederate. It cost Mr. Shoemaker $20 to learn the game.

Fred Saeger, of Mifflintown, an eccentric man, aged 72 years, becoming despondent, committed suicide by hanging himself. In the palmy days of his life he was connected with a number of Philadelphia wholesale business houses.

For six months stations and farm houses along the Lehigh Valley and New Jersey Central Railroads have been robbed by a gang of burglars. Detectives have succeeded in running down the robbers and the following were lodged in jail at Allentown: Harry Nothstein, Wm. Nicholas and James Rex.

The Chester County Historical Society has now on hand a scheme for unearthing a number of cannon buried on the Thomas K. Sterrett property at Warwick Furnace and placing them where they will be of most service in marking historic spots. The matter has been placed in charge of Professor D. Howard.

Another bill in equity against the erection of the Mahanoy City new water works was filed at Pottsville. It is charged that the treasurer of the borough, under orders from Town Council, has illegally paid out borough funds to the amount of over $1,000 for the erection of the new water works, and it is asked that the treasurer and Council be restricted from drawing orders for the payment of such money.

Postmaster Charles Ganor, of Grove, had his safe robbed of $70.

New features of the Chester County Fair will be prizes for lady cyclers and a dog show.

John Lehey, residence unknown, was caught in the act of picking pockets at a funeral in Pottstown.

Prof. E. M. Baxter, of Catawissa, has been elected supervising principal of the public schools of Mechanicsburg.

Geo. Williams, jr., died at his home in Kennett Square from the effects of excessive smoking of cigarettes. He was about 25 years old.

Mrs. Tosh, an aged woman of Catasauqua, was struck by an engine on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Catasauqua.

The old Longswamp Church, Hamburg, dates back to 1748 and an organ over 100 years old is still in use. A church book contains the history and progress of the congregation since 1762.

A Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore express train struck and killed W. H. Fox, of Moore, at that place. Fox, who was 78 years of age, attempted to cross the track ahead of the train.

Henry Jacobs mysteriously disappeared from his home in Avondale ten days ago and has not been heard from since. He leaves a distressed family, who are unable to account for his sudden disappearance.

A horse driven by Dr. Thomas D. Young took fright at the cars at Wallingford Station and ran away. Charles Mathues, of Media, who was riding with Dr. Young, was struck in the head by a tree and seriously injured.

At an anniversary picnic at Homestead a movement was begun to erect a monument to the victims of the riots.

In a wreck in the Pennsylvania freight yards at Sunbury, 50,000 gallons of crude petroleum was ignited and destroyed property amounting to $100,000.

John Carpenter, station agent at Carpentersville near Easton, and his wife were chloroformed by burglars and narrowly escaped with their lives.

Patrick Flanigan, of Wilkes-Barre, returned from a visit to his invalid father much depressed in spirits and the next day was found drowned.

Lehigh's Coroner is still investigating the mysterious murder of Mrs. Fritz at Allentown, and is in possession of a clew.

Morgan Boston, of Scranton, was found dead on a railroad, where his body had been placed after he had been murdered.

Geo. Reber, aged 12, while on a hay wagon in a field was killed by lightning.

MURDERS IN JAPAN.

Wholesale Slaughter of Women by Three Villagers.

The Japanese mail brings word of an awful wholesale murder in the village of Asahe on May 26. Kido Kemkatcha, Tani Goyanio, and Asuma Kiekigo entered the house of Matsuma Denjiro and horribly mutilated his family, consisting of five women, four men and two boys. The whole village was at last accounts pursuing the murderers.

AT THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.

The dead leaves rustle at my feet;
  The moon is shining brightly;
Something has softly dimmed my eyes.
Across the path one shadow lies,
  The path two trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this
  Love left us only sorrow;
I held her little hand in mine;
That parting is to me divine.
  Then there was no to-morrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well,
  Hearts are not easy broken.
To-night all joys I have forgot;
There's something sacred in this spot,
  Where sweet good-bys were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself
  If I were broken-hearted;
Would I could live that night again,
With all its sadness sweetened pain,
  When love from love was parted!

—[Lippincott's Magazine.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

There was a din of carpenter's tools and the rasping of a painter's scraper on the west wing of the house when Mrs. Hunter stopped in the midst of her work and shaded her eyes from the glaring rays of the spring sun. Besides being a little nearsighted, overwork with the needle by lamplight had made her eyes weak. Facial neuralgia had left indelible marks of suffering and nervous irritableness stamped on the thin outlines of the pinched face, and the entire muscular system twitched sympathetically with the blinking eyes. The sound of work on the west wing of the large country house had attracted her attention, and she gazed as earnestly at the workmen as if this constituted her sole purpose in life.

Far away in the distance the hazy outlines of the hills rose up majestically in the bright spring sunlight, wooded to the summit of their bold heads with the green verdure of another season's leafy growth. Long stretches of flower-decked fields, shaded with fruit and ornamental trees, sloped down from the hills to the closely-cropped lawn surrounding the old mansion. In the clean-swept yard clumps of early roses were opening their buds to the mild, balmy air, and sweet honeysuckle vines were twining their delicate tendrils over arbors and trellis-works.

Mrs. Hunter's eyes passed by all of these sights, and saw only the dark side to the whole scene. She turned from her position near the front yard, and walked back to the hot kitchen with her quick, nervous tread. A girl with flushed cheeks and an old calico dress on was bending over a sideboard scrubbing the knives and forks. She did not hear her mother's footsteps, and Mrs. Hunter remained quiet a moment, gazing at the bent form. When she spoke it was in a quick, sharp and unmodulated voice.

"'Mandy, what are the men doin' on the west wing?"

The girl started at the sudden interruption in her work; but she replied without looking around:

"I don't know, mother, unless they're fittin' it up fur—fur"—

"Fur what?"

"I heard Father say as how he 'spected boarders from the city this summer."

"*Boarders!*"

Mrs. Hunter emphasized the word, but made no further comment for some time. She was looking straight ahead at her daughter, but 'Mandy did not heed the steady gaze. She kept on in her hard, humdrum, daily work.

"When did you hear Father say this?"

Mrs. Hunter always addressed her husband as Father.

"Day before yesterday," replied the girl.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" the worn-out woman continued, asking her questions pointedly.

"I thought—as—how it might worry you, Mother, and"—

"I see," interrupted Mrs. Hunter.

She became quiet again, gazing this time out of the window. It was an unusual thing for Mrs. Hunter to remain idle even for a few minutes, and 'Mandy grew nervous and restless at the change. She scrubbed away at the knives more vigorously, and ventured several low remarks about the grease and dirt, but her mother did not notice her.

"'Mandy, haven't we work enough?" the little woman inquired, in a peculiar voice.

"Yes, Mother, we have more—than"—

Her eyes looked around the room, at the dirty dishes, untidy furniture, unmended clothes, and articles needing attending to that had been stowed away in every hook and corner.

"Then what would we do with boarders?"

"I don't know," the girl replied, in the same weak, monotonous voice, "unless—unless—we cared for 'em as we do fur other things."

"'Mandy, I ain't likin' city boarders, an' specially them that Father will bring out here. They're too high-flutin' an' stuck up. We ain't goin' to work fur 'em neither."

"But, Mother, how——"

"Never mind how—we ain't goin' to."

Mrs. Hunter jerked her words out with a decided air, and then, picking up the drying towel, she began to wipe the knives and forks with quick, deft motions. Neither worker spoke for a long time, and the bright spring morning waned into the calm, peaceful afternoon; but the labors of the two pairs of busy hands were not finished until long after darkness had settled over the earth.

John Hunter returned from his work on the large farm, and repaired to his study, where he spent the greater part of the afternoon and evening in consulting books and diagrams. He was a strong, well-formed, and handsome man of his age, with a large, massive brow, and a hard, determined mouth. The few iron-gray hairs and prominent wrinkles of his face were in perfect harmony with the rest of his appearance. He was a self-made, successful man and one who had met and overcome many difficulties in life. The very adversities which he had encountered were the secrets of his success; but they had also formed a character as hard, stern, and relentless as the rock-ribs of his hilly land. Ambition to accumulate money led him on to enrich his mind with knowledge, not for the pleasure which it could afford, but for the higher reach of power and wealth which it would inevitably bring. His spacious, well-cultivated fields yielded him no greater joy than his well-filled library, stocked with all of the valuable books which he needed. In this comfortable room he spent a part of his time each day, watching the course of events in the world of business, politics, science and literature. The rest of his time was employed in conducting the affairs of the farm, or in scheming new plans for furthering his financial interests. By degrees he drifted away from his family, associating even less with them in thought and sympathy than in person, but always with the self-satisfied feeling that he was providing comfortably for them. Their life began and ended in the affairs of the household, and John Hunter firmly believed that such a narrow, restricted sphere was essential to the happiness of woman, for a broader field of thought and action would be confusing and stultifying to her mind.

Mrs. Hunter had always been a meek, modest wife, ready to console her husband, and to slave for the common good; and during the dark, gloomy days of their early lives she had toiled and economized bravely as her share in the mutual burdens. These early lessons of self-denial formed her character and method of life, so that when prosperity came she still clung to her work. As the farm and house were increased in size the work assumed gigantic proportions, and 'Mandy and her mother were pushed night and day to get through with it before bedtime. Mrs. Hunter's modesty forbade her to request the services of "hired help" in the house, and her husband, absorbed in his own work and thoughts, seemed oblivious to the fact that a servant was essential to the household. He had his own men to work in the fields by the dozen, but these were all necessary during the short harvesting period, and the farm could not be carried on without their help. Mrs. Hunter and 'Mandy toiled on under the additional burdens, and found very little time for self-culture and improvement. In this way the separation of the family gradually widened; for the successful man developed in the line of thought and action in a larger sphere, while the wife and daughter narrowed and restricted their existence in the little details of household slavery.

The new wing had been built on the already large house without Mrs. Hunter's advice, and, although she secretly rebelled against the enlargement of the old paternal home, she made no open opposition. The idea of opposing her husband's wishes had never yet entered her mind; but when she found that the new addition was being fitted up for city boarders a defiant spirit rose in her.

John Hunter never considered it necessary to tell his wife of any new arrangement until it was all completed. The fact that he was going to take boarders from the city during the summer was not mentioned until the west wing was all completed and nicely furnished. Then one day he remarked to his wife just before leaving for the village: "The rooms are fitted up nicely, and I guess our city people will find it to their liking."

Mrs. Hunter gulped down a lump in her throat, and then said in a voice that seemed unnatural to her: "We can't take city boarders here, Father."

John Hunter did not seem to comprehend the meaning of his wife's remark, and he continued in an absent-minded way: "We can accommodate a young couple, or even three, in the west wing."

There was another hard gulp, and then, in the same unnatural voice: "But, Father, I say we can't take city boarders."

The man began to understand the meaning of the little woman's opposition, and he looked a little embarrassed.

"We have no servant to do the work," his wife continued, "and we do not need the money. 'Mandy is worn out with work, and I cannot do any more. We can't take city boarders."

One of the farm laborers interrupted the conversation here, and the meek woman retired thankfully from the scene. Her courage was fast ebbing away, and the little body was all in a tremble.

Nothing more was said about the city boarders for some time, and Mrs. Hunter in her quiet way was thankfully congratulating herself on her easy victory. It was the first time she had ever objected to any of her husband's plans, and the grace with which he yielded made her love and respect him all the more. She half regretted that she had openly refused to take his boarders, and she endeavored to atone for it by numberless little acts of kindness and attention.

———

"Have the papers come from the post office yet, mother? Ah, yes, here's the *Herald*."

John Hunter always followed the news of the day carefully, and, as he dropped into a chair to rest, he tore the covering from the paper, and opened the sheet hastily.

"Any news in partickler?" asked his wife, rubbing a few specks of dirt from the furniture.

"No—that is," the man replied slowly, "my advertisement appears to-day. I want to see how it reads."

Mrs. Hunter's bright face changed in an instant, and she asked, in a trembling whisper: "What advertisement?"

"Why, for boarders," was the impatient answer. "It is time we did something. The west wing is all ready for occupants."

He soon became absorbed in reading the paper, while the poor woman stole stealthily out of the house. Her face was white, and the bloodless lips were drawn tightly over the teeth. Her breathing was quick and sharp. Nature no longer offered sights of beauty to her. A dark cloud seemed to obscure the landscape, and the sun appeared as an emblem of blackness rather than of light. Under an old apple tree, where strange eyes could not see her, she gave way to her grief, and wept bitter tears of poignant sorrow.

John Starrow, the stalwart lover of 'Mandy, found her there and nearly stumbled over the stooping form. She tried to hide her tear-stained eyes from his bright, searching ones; but he was not so easily baffled. He had watched and pitied the careworn face too carefully to fail to notice a change.

"Hullo, Mother, you've been cryin'," he said, in his frank way. "What's up now? Broke a chiny plate, or spilt the dish water on the carpet? No? Well, what is it? Don't be afraid to tell."

He passed a strong arm around her slight waist, and nearly lifted her off the ground. The tear-wet eyes blinked and winked hard to keep back the signs of her recent sorrow.

"Oh, come, don't keep anything back. I know something's wrong, an' it must be serious this time. You're all broken up. But here comes 'Mandy; she'll know."

'Mandy, in search of her mother, discovered the two in the orchard, and soon approached them. A long consultation was held, during which the whole secret was exploded. The keyword to the whole difficulty was "boarders," and 'Mandy's active mind filled out the rest of the story.

Mrs. Hunter felt better when she returned to the house. The force of the blow had been deadened by the sudden outburst of tears, and then by the comforting words and attention of 'Mandy and her lover. John Starrow owned a neighboring farm, and had been courting 'Mandy for years; but he had not pressed his suit owing to the fact that Mrs. Hunter could not spare her daughter. So the big, frank, handsome lover had equally divided his time between working hard in the fields and in comforting the two forlorn women. His services this time were inestimable, and he took advantage of the scene to bring things to a climax. The wedding day for the young couple was set.

John and 'Mandy have decided to get married in three days," Mrs. Hunter explained to her husband that evening. "They want to get married in the west wing, and they've got to do it before the city boarders come."

"Well, I don't like it; but I suppose they must. Can't they wait until fall?"

"No; they are determined to get married in three days, and then go to the city on their wedding trip."

Mr. Hunter made no further comment; but two days later while holding an open letter in his hand, he said:

"Well, it's lucky they didn't put the wedding off any longer. I've got boarders for the west wing coming the very night of the wedding."

"Oh, how fortunate!" exclaimed his wife, examining the letter.

"Yes; but we must get the couple off before noon, so's we can fix up the rooms a little before the boarders come."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Hunter, modestly.

The excitement of the approaching wedding prevented the little woman from indulging in any grief, and if she rebelled against the coming of city boarders she kept her own counsel. She and 'Mandy performed a prodigious amount of work during the hours of the day, and willing neighbors offered their help. The couple were to be married early in the morning, and then depart for the city on the morning train.

The wedding morning was a bright and promising one, and long before the sun was up there was considerable bustle around the house. 'Mandy looked pretty and happy as she hurried around to make hasty preparations for the coming ceremony. John Starrow soon appeared and caught the blushing girl in his arms, to steal his first kiss on his wedding day. The bridal couple were as handsome as could be wished, and even John Hunter complimented them on their appearance. He looked at his own worn and faded wife; but if memory brought up feelings of regrets he kept them to himself. He was strangely silent and observant, and did not appear as happy and smiling as the occasion might have warranted.

When the ceremony was over, the breakfast partaken of, good-by kisses and sobs exchanged, the happy pair were carried off to the station by their father. He kissed 'Mandy good-by on the platform, and then stood still and watched the train disappear in the distance. The parting from his daughter made him thoughtful and absent-minded. When he reached home he found his wife sweeping and wiping the furniture in the west wing, preparing everything for the new boarders. The sight made him feel angry with himself, and he wandered from room to room, and then out into the orchard. The guests had all departed, and the place seemed strangely lonesome and deserted. The afternoon dragged along wearily, and the man was glad when night approached. It was dark when he reached the station again to meet the evening train. He found his two boarders waiting for him—a short, well-formed lady, deeply veiled, and a large, well-built man. Owing to the veil of the lady and the surrounding darkness, he could not see the features of either one distinctly.

The journey from the station to the house was a short one, and Mr. Hunter could not find words with which to entertain his new boarders. The events of the day had unsettled his happiness, and he could think of nothing but his lost daughter and his poor, lonesome wife. The thought then occurred to him that, in his negligence, he had not asked how long 'Mandy intended to stay in the city. By the time he had left the boarders at the front door he was heartily sick of the whole day's doings. His conscience pricked him some, but most of the blame he attributed to a bilious stomach.

"I don't feel well," he muttered, as he walked toward the house, after seeing that the horses were properly housed. "It must be another attack of biliousness. I'm all out of sorts. I'll get 'Mandy to"—

Then he stopped and made an ejaculation when he remembered that she was no longer with them. He entered the house, where the supper was already on the table. Mrs. Hunter was looking pretty in a new dress, with ruffles around the throat and hands, and two bright burning spots on her cheeks. She was busily flying around, from one thing to another, and when her husband entered she greeted him with a smile.

"Are you ready for supper, Father?" she asked.

"Yes—no—I don't feel well," he stammered.

"Well, eat something, and you'll feel better," sympathizingly replied his little wife.

"Yes, but those confounded—that is, I wish we didn't have company. I don't feel like entertaining."

"Why, we only have the boarders. I will call them now."

"Well, go ahead," the man replied, pulling himself together with an effort. "If I've got to entertain them I've got to."

It was a wan sort of smile which he tried to put on his face as the parlor door opened and the two boarders appeared in the dining room. He stood with his face toward the door, and he surveyed them silently for a moment. But the smile slowly disappeared, and a look of puzzled confusion succeeded it.

"Why, bless me—what's this? Mother, how's this?"

The sick man turned from John Starrow and his new bride to the blushing little woman near his side. Mrs. Hunter was turning red and pale by turns, and her quick breathing prevented her from speaking. John Starrow approached the astounded man and said:

"I read in the city *Herald*, Father, that you wanted boarders, and as 'Mandy and I wanted to get board out here I wrote to you. We've engaged the west wing for a year. We'll be very good boarders, and pleasant at that."

"And we'll help you and Mamma ever so much," chimed in the new bride.

"Oh, Father, don't look at me so!" finally exclaimed Mrs. Hunter, unable longer to control her feelings. "Don't be angry with me for the deception. I didn't want city boarders; they spoil the home so, an'—an'"—

She burst out sobbing, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"There, there, Mother, it's all right," her husband said, supporting her with a strong arm. "I didn't know you felt—felt this way. It's all right. I don't—don't want any city boarders either. Let 'Mandy and John keep the west wing, and we'll live together."

There was a little moisture around his eyes, and he turned hastily toward the table to conceal it.

"Well, come, we'll have the wedding feast now," he said. "Everything is ready. I don't feel sick any more. I haven't been to a wedding feast since—why, mother, not since we were married, and that's—bless me!—nigh on to twenty-five years. This will be the anniversary of that event."

With that he kissed the lips of his wife for the first time in years, and the four sat down to a wedding feast that marked a new epoch in the household. It was not many days before a servant lightened the burdens of the two newly-married couples; for Mrs. Hunter always maintained that she was married anew that night, and that it was just as much her wedding supper as 'Mandy's.
—[Independent.

Funeral of the Tongan King.

King George Tubou, of Tonga, after lying in state for a fortnight, was buried recently in Princess' Park, at the capital, Nukualofa. The malae, which was specially constructed to receive the remains of the late king, was made of 1,200 tons of stone, sand and earth. In shape the malae is at present at quadrilateral—meant for a square—of sixty feet and five feet high. Upon this is erected a vault of New Zealand stone. The vault itself is encased in heavy masonry some two feet in thickness, solid square blocks of coral laid in cement being used for the purpose. The coffins consist of an inner one of lead and an outer of two-inch cedar.

The funeral procession formed just outside the Royal Palace and started at the fire of the first of ninety-five minute guns for Princess' Park. First came the Royal Guards, then came the Band, with muffled drums, playing the "Dead March." The "maefakaeiki," or bier, with the coffin enveloped in rich mats, then followed, borne shoulder-high by some score of bearers. The bier partook of the nature of a catafalque—with tassels, etc. Immediately after the bier followed the chief mourners and at a considerable distance came Prince Taufaahau—"Koe Tui"—the King, dressed in full uniform.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Nutmeg Culture.

Nutmeg is becoming a source of much profit to many islands of the West Indies, and especially in Grenada. For many years the nutmeg tree has been grown; it is only recently that its cultivation has received serious attention. To start a nutmeg plantation the ground must be cleared at a cost of $30 per acre. Saman trees should then be planted, forty-five feet apart. Meanwhile, the nutmeg seeds should be carefully reared in a nursery. In about two years the seedlings should be planted out.

Unless the locality is very favorable, ten years must elapse before the trees begin to be productive. A large number will be of the male sex, and, as the proportion of male to female trees should not exceed one in thirty, the planter will have to cut down the trees freely as soon as their sex is declared. It is reckoned that nutmegs should yield an annual profit to the planter of about $2.50 per tree.—[Fortnightly Review.

Fierce Carnivorous Fish.

Such fierce carnivorous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is the "black swallower," which devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other. Another species is nearly all mouth, and having no power of locomotion, it lives buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark, resembling a huge eel. All of these monsters are black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark, unfathomed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species next bigger, for there is no vegetable life to feed on.—[Chicago Herald.

Meat should not be put directly on the ice, as the water draws out the juices. Always place it in a pan, and this may be set on the ice.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Modesty in Letters—Unearned Increment—Distinction—The Bliss of Ignorance—A Literal View, Etc., Etc.

MODESTY IN LETTERS.

"The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Hawkins.

"Why so?" asked Mawson.

"Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with I."—[Harper's Bazar.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Teacher—When water becomes ice what is the great change that takes place?

Pupil—The change in price.—[Detroit Tribune.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

"Why are the heads of the figures in the fashion plates always turned as if they were looking back?"

"So they cannot see what guys they are."—[Truth.

A LITERAL VIEW.

Writer—So this is your apartment? Why, you haven't room here to swing a cat.

Poet—I don't keep a cat, and if I did I don't think I would want to swing it.

DISTINCTION.

"My father's quoted in the last novel," says the poet's daughter proudly.

"Pooh," sniffed the rich girl from Chicago. "My father's quoted in Bradstreet's."—[Club.

AN AGREEMENT OF OPINION.

"She is what I may call a breezy girl."

"Yes, I notice she has a good many airs."

AN OLD STORY.

Jackson Ball—I never kissed a girl in my life until I met you.

May Ketchum—I've heard that from others.

Jackson Ball—Who told you?

May Ketchum—Ever so many; it's an awfully old lie.—[New York Herald.

A WORLD'S FAIR INDIAN.

"May I ask what your Indian name is?" inquired a visitor at Jackson Park the other day, addressing a doleful youth with a coppery complexion, who was leaning against the Indian school building.

"Injun name Not-Stuck-on-My-Job," answered the noble young red man unwinkingly.—[The Chicago Tribune.

GIVE IT TIME.

Eastern Man—Considering the price you ask, it seems to me that this lot is very small.

Western Hustler—But you must remember that this is a new town, and growing like all possessed. That lot is young yet.

A BAD SLIP.

Dora—And so your engagement with Mr. Hardhead is off?

Clara—Yes, I sent him flying.

Dora—Mercy! What did he do?

Clara—In looking for something in his pocket, he dropped a little clipping from some newspaper, but did not notice it; and after he had gone I picked it up. What do you think it was?

Dora—Horrors! I'm sure I could never guess. Tell me quick.

Clara—It told how to clean rag carpets.—[New York Weekly.

SOMETHING LACKING.

Miss Flirtsome—And you say you have never kissed a pretty girl? How singular! You don't mean to tell me you lack the courage?

Mr. DeCynique—No, not exactly.

Miss Flirtsome (coquettishly)—Well, surely you have not lacked the opportunity?

Mr. DeCynique—No, not exactly.

Miss Flirtsome—What was it, then, you lacked?

Mr. DeCynique—The pretty girl.—[New York Herald.

CONSOLATION.

"I don't think this lady would suit me, because I have made up my mind never to marry a woman who plays the piano."

"Oh, if that's all you needn't worry yourself, because, though she does play the piano, she doesn't know one tune from another, and so she only goes strum, strum all day long.—[Schalk.

TOO MANY CLOSETS.

Wife—I'm so tired and wretched in this house!

Husband—Now, look here. I consented to move up here to Harlem entirely on account of those sixteen closets.

Wife—That's just it. I thought I wanted more closet room; but now that I've got it, it takes all my time to hunt for burglars.—[Puck.

CANDY HUNGRY.

Wee Son—When Johnny Jumpupp's papa died, his mamma gave him a whole lot of candy.

Mamma—What of it?

Wee Son—Nothing, only I was wondering if it wouldn't be all right if you'd just pretend my papa was dead instead of waitin' for a truly funeral.—[Good News.

AN EASTER CYCLONE.

Western Child—Do you ever have cyclones here?

Eastern Child—What is they?

"They is winds, awful winds that makes things turn right around."

"Oh, yes. Once I saw a wind blow a market wagon across the street and the wheels turned around."—[Good News.

SHE MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT.

Laura—Mamma, can I sing awhile?

Mrs. Figg—You mean "may I sing?"

Mr. Figg—How do you know she does? Perhaps she really has her doubts.—[Indianapolis Journal.

JUST PRIDE.

"I guess the day for me to be on top is past," soliloquized the battered Derby hat in the ash-barrel, "but even now I am no slouch, and never will be. See."—[Indianapolis Journal.

A PRACTICAL VIEW.

Struggling Pastor—The collections have fallen off terribly.

Practical Wife—It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches to see what people put on.—[New York Weekly.

A WAITER.

"If you go first," murmured the wife of his bosom to the sick man, "you will wait for me on the other shore, will you not, love?"

"I s'pose I'll have to," he grumbled. "I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you at least half an hour."—[New York Times.

WE WILL.

Now that the summer's with us
  We'll hear the savage cry
And selected objurgations
  Of the baldy at the fly.
—[New York Herald.

THE BLIND SIDE AND THE SEASIDE.

"I am trying to get on the blind side of papa."

"For what?"

"I want to go to the seaside."

NOT BOUND BY GEORGE'S ACTS.

"Chollie," said Chappie, sorrowfully, "did you evah weflect that if it wasn't for that beastly wow Gawge Washington got us into the lawst century, you and I would have been weal English subjects?"

"Ya-as, and it makes me feel weal dwedful."

"Well, I say, let's sweah allegiance to the Queen now, old fel. Washington's acts need not bind us. He did not wepwesent us in the least, faw ye know, Chollie, we weren't bawn then, so how could he?"—[Harper's Bazar.

THE GLAD BELLS RANG.

With a joyful cry she threw herself upon her father's bosom.

The old man stroked her golden brown tresses, but dared not press her for her motives.

"Oh, pa," she murmured ecstatically.

"What is it, my child?"

"Only think. Charley——"

Her eyes grew moist at the mention of the beloved name.

"—has arranged so that we can—can—"

She faltered, and in her confusion she was doubly lovely.

"—be married."

The parent's lips moved, but gave no sound.

"Pa."

"My child."

"Would you believe the sacrifice he has made for love of me? He has just told me that he would try, oh, so hard, to live within your income."

It were a captious nature that would withhold parental sanction.—[Detroit Free Press.

HE WOULDN'T TELL.

First Broker—Did you win or lose in that cyclone to-day?

Second Broker (loftily)—That's my business. Say can you direct me to a five-cent lunch counter?

A PECULIAR OBSERVATION.

"Ethel's young man came to see her last night and she was considerably tickled."

"Was she? I didn't know he had a mustache."—[New York Press.

POISON IVY.

How to Cure the Poisoning—Some Useful Hints.

When you go into the country this summer don't "monkey" with all the pretty plants you may find along the wayside. Especially avoid a twining, beautiful, three-leaved plant you may find growing around the base of trees, stone walls, and old fences. An attractive plant, just the kind of glossy glitter to its bright green leaves as impels one to "just take a little of it home" with you. Don't do it, unless you are one of those few that may with impunity handle *Rhus tox.* That's the botanical name of the plant, that, familiarly known as poison ivy, has caused so much suffering to many.

The writer has suffered, and on many occasions has struggled for its cure by means of neighborly suggestions, by doctor's efforts, potions, lotions, harrowing days of dread and itch. Does it itch? Yes; you'll know when you've fooled with *Rhus tox.* by a strange itch. It's different from any other itch. You scratch it, and it seems as though you had conquered the irritation; it fooled you. You look for a cause, and find none. The skin is normal, no blemish shows, but it itches again. When you are warm and comfortably asleep, you will be awakened up scratching that same spot. You "could dig it out with your nails." You can't do it. That's *Rhus tox.* poisoning.

Soon a small, insignificant swelling lumps up where the itch is; then it begins to look watery underneath the skin, but it itches none the less, rather more. You scratch through the skin, the water underneath is released, and the nails and fingers carry the watery poison to fresh spots; possibly to the face, the ears, the body. The same tedious itching, scratching is multiplied. You are now a case for sympathy. Without means of cure, your existence is a realized sheol. I propose, now that you understand the cause and the symptoms, to tell you of the cure. It is simple, it is effective. Procure from the drug or other stores where they are sold a small bottle of little sugar pills, labeled "*Rhus tox.*" A "hair of the dog that bit you" will cure you. Take six of the little pills at one dose, four doses the first day—morning, noon, evening, and bedtime. The next day the itching will be mollified a degree. The second and third day, take three doses of six pills each dose. You will, by this time, be so free from irritation that you may carelessly take a few pills until nature heals up the sores. So soon as the healing begins, be very chary of taking many of the pills, as they will, in excess of requirement, produce an intolerable, though harmless, itching over the whole body.

The writer, poisoned on an average four to six times a year, finds this remedy a permanent check on the first appearance of poisoning symptoms.—[Scientific American.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JULY 20.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that Geo. B. Crawford, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that Cyrus Brungard, of Millheim, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that J. P. Condo, of Gregg township, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that W. J. Carlin, of Rebersburg, will be a candidate for Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce A. G. Archey, of Ferguson township, will be a candidate for Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that G. W. Rumberger, of Philipsburg, will be a candidate for Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that C. A. Weaver, of Haines, will be a candidate for Register, subject to Democratic rules.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that J. Lucas, of Snow Shoe, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that John F. Potter, of Boggs twp., will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that A. J Greist, of Unionville, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that W. T. Speer, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that H A. Moore, of Howard boro, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. Beck, of Walker township, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that George L. Goodhart, of Potter, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that T. F. Adams, of Bellefonte borough, will be a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

PRUNING THE PENSION LIST.

The Pension Bureau has notified a great many pensioners throughout the entire country who are drawing pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, which is known as the dependent pension act, that payment of their pensions will be suspended for sixty days, during which time they are required to show cause why they should continue to draw pensions. The testimony necessary to prevent their being dropped from the rolls is the certificate of a reputable physician, attested by two witnesses, to the effect that the pensioner is precluded from active labor owing to injuries or disability not the result of his own vicious habits.

In case no attention is paid to the department notification within sixty days the pensioner will be dropped from the roll. On the other hand, should the necessary certificate, properly drawn up and signed, be forwarded to the pension Bureau, the pensioner will be requested to appear before the local Board of Medical examiners for examination as to his condition.

THE ALTOONA *Tribune*, a republican organ, speaks solid sense and truth, as regards pensions, in the following:

The *Tribune* believes that every survivor of the federal army who is unable to earn his own living by reason of wounds, age or disease should be given so liberal a pension that he will be able to spend his last days in comfort, unvexed by poverty or care. It believes that widow and orphan should be amply cared for. It would oppose zealously any proposition to reduce the pensions of these worthy ones. It will favor any legislation that will increase the amount now paid them. But there it stops. And if to defend the cause of the worthy and to oppose the payment of the national bounty to those who have no legal claim upon it be unpopular, then it chooses to take the unpopular side. Any who imagine that profit comes in the long run to those who play the demagogue may denounce it, and impugn its patriotism but it rests its case with the people who pay the taxes.

SURELY this will be another year of abundance in our county, in the state, and in the United States. Who will dare complain or accuse a kind Providence of being unmindful of its children? The garners, the chests, and the sacks will be full to overflowing, and if Providence blesses the people of the land with good health in addition, truly we would be enjoying a full measure of good gifts from above, and murmuring and discontent would be sacrilege.

THE CHASE after the Jews in Russia still goes on. The Jews of Yalta in the Crimea refused to obey the decree to retire within the pale. For several days the clergy exhorted the rest of the population to rise and expel them. An anti-Jew mob took possession of the streets, broke into houses occupied by Jews and tried to drive the occupants from the town. The Jews fought back. Dozens were dragged into the streets and were beaten. Many were killed. The houses owned by Jews were plundered and were ransacked. Troops were called to town to restore order. None of the rioters were killed and but few were injured.

FRANCE AND SIAM AT WAR.

A little war has begun between France and Siam. Two forts were taken by a body of French marines, and a French vessel was sunk by the Siamese.

SUNDAY OPENING seems to be a failure. Even the Chicago people and the authorities of the exposition are changing their minds on the question. There was a great deal of misinformation sent out on this subject. It is now proposed to abolish Sunday opening and reduce the price of admission one or two days of the week to 25 cents. This is in the interest of the poor class, who it was thought would throng the exposition on Sunday by the hundred thousand. It appears they do not care to go on Sunday with the best part of the exhibits veiled

SUNDAY opening of the World's Fair ended with last Sunday. Reason, it didn't pay.

THE Democratic primary elections are the next thing in order in this county. All candidates are out on their last rounds. At this writing each one is ahead, and right we are it is so.

THE German reichstag had an uproar the other day, something like we have in our own congress sometimes. Young Count Bismark caused the fuss by some remarks he made upon the army bill.

THE German reichstag passed the army bill, demanded by the emperor, by a majority of 11, to keep even with France. Next France will order an increase of her army, and that will leave the situation just the same.

A LATE forecast of the senate shows 49 for and 38 against repeal of the Sherman bill, with one vacancy from California not yet filled. But this majority by no means indicates a speedy vote on the repealing bill. It may not get through before the time for the regular meeting of congress in December. A minority of 38 in a body of 88 can have its own way in the matter of delay under the senate rules.

THE application of electricity to domestic uses is believed to be a matter of only a short time. The practicability of cooking by this means has been demonstrated, but marked attention has been called to the subject by its elaborate and attractive illustration at the World's Fair. The principle, of course, is the development of resistance to the passage of the electrical current. The broiler for a steak, for example, is a porcelain plate, in which a network of wires is embedded. The steak rests upon a metal framework above this broiler. A turn of a knob and the wires become incandescent, and in four minutes the steak is cooked. In an oven the heat can be regulated to any desired degree, the temperature being shown by a thermometer hanging inside and readily seen through the glass door. By attaching an insulated wire to her flatiron the mistress of the laundry can iron the most delicate fabrics with exacty regulated heat and with never a stop to change. By turning a switch at the head of his bed a man can start up the electric radiator and warm the room before rising to dress. This device eliminates from facetions literature the old problem as to which of a married couple should rise on a cold winter's morning to light the kitchen fire. There are other devices of household convenience, too numerous to describe, but which may becom as familiar in domestic economy as the gas stove.

No Change of Place.

Many of the Democrats of the north precinct of Potter township have been slightly at sea owing to the place of holding the coming delegate election on August 5th, next. The precinct chairman George Emerick desires us to state that the election will be held at Bartges' hotel as heretofore. The new law requires elections to be held in each respective district, but this does not apply to the delegate elections.

Barn Burned.

The new large barn of Samuel Ginger, near Martha Furnace, this county was destroyed by fire, being struck by lightning last week and totally destroyed with all its contents. No insurance.

Plenty.

Cherries were never more plentiful in our county than this year. Other berries are also likely to be in abundance.

Awarded the Contract.

The contract for the new hotel at State College, has been awarded to Samuel Gault, of Bellefonte.

Married.

On July 16, 1893, Mr. Henry Lengle, and Sadie A Confer, both of Tusseyville, by J. S. Houseman, Esq.

——REPORTER only $1.50 per year.

SPRING • OPENING

— AT THE —

ENTERPRISE STORE.

We have just returned from Eastern cities with the finest and best selected stock of General Merchandise ever brought to Spring Mills, which will be sold at lower figures than elsewhere.

With our complete stock, can, and will sell goods for less money than you can buy them from our competitors.

COMPETITION DEFIED.

In the line of Notions, the stock is, (just like all our other lines) a full and complete one. Have you noticed the NECKTIES? If not, you should, for we have them that sell other places at 40 to 50 cents each, our price 15 to 19 cents. Our stock of these is limited, just had 72 doz., and they are going fast.

Our stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes and Clothing, will surprise you in quantity, quality and prices. You will find a nice line of useful articles on our 5, 10 and 25 cent counters.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN DISHES AND GLASSWARE

You will find Mr. Howard Rossman with us, who will be pleased to see all his old friends, and a host of new ones.

C. P. LONG & CO.

Successor to D. E. Bible. *Spring Mills, Pa.*

At the Old Stand!

We have just received our new stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, etc., just what you would look for in a first-class store. The stock is new and was perchased for the Spring and Summer seasons. No larger and better assortment of goods ever arrived in the valley than we offer for your inspection, which we ask, being assured that you will find as we represent. We have made a specialty in the line of

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

and is well worth your time to examine the stock and prices. On Dishes we can

.·. SAVE YOU 25 PER CENT .·.

Which amount can be saved on all other lines. You will find a nice line of useful articles on our 5, 10 and 25 ct. counters. Country produce taken in exchange for all goods.

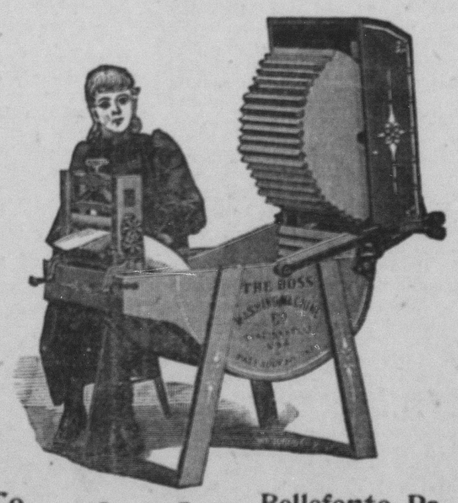
C. P. LONG,

17-2m Spring Mills, Pa.

BOSS

Washing Machine.

1. It washes clothes perfectly clean.
2. It works smooth and easy.
3. It cannot tear the clothes.
4. It adjusts itself to the size of the wash, so you can wash one shirt as well as ten.
5. No dirt can accumulate in this machine as in others; opening one waste cock removes it all.
6. Your wringer can be attached right to the machine, allowing water to run back into it.
7. It can be thoroughly ventilated, so no damp remains to rot the wood.
8. It is reasonable in price.
9. Wringers sold separate.



McCALMONT & Co., - - Bellefonte, Pa.

DO YOU WANT

GOOD GOODS AT FAIR PRICES,

o——o Go To o——o

HARPER & KREAMER'S.

Last fall I was taken with a kind of summer complaint, accompanied with a wonderful diarrheoa. Soon after my wife's sister, who lives with us, was taken in the same way. We used almost everything without benefit. Then I said, let us try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which we did, and that cured us right away. I think much of it, as it did for me what it was recommended to do. John Hertzler, Bethel, Berks Co., Pa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

Elder S. S. Beaver, of McAllisterville, Juniatta Co., Pa., says his wife is subject to cramp in the stomach. Last summer she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for it, and was much pleased with the speedy relief it afforded. She has since used it whenever necessary and found that it never fails. For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

——C. P. Long & Co. have just received a large stock of chain and lever pumps. Come and see them.

SPECIAL CLEANING-OUT SALE

OF

Children's Clothing!

About 400 Children's Light Colored and Light Weight Suits, including the famous Bessemer Suits---made with double knees and double seats; goods that are sold by the largest retail dealers in the United States, and were never known to be sold for less than $5.00,

GO FOR $4.00.

We have got more of this price goods than we need. We reduce them now when you need them, instead of waiting until you have bought, or until the season is over.

Go They Must . . . . . Regardless of Profit!

Think of it! 5.00 Suits for 4.00. 4.50 Suits for 3.50. 4.00 Suits for 3.00. These are all new, desirable goods, running from 4 to 14 years. Big Bargains any way you look at it.

FAUBLE.

HYDRAULIC

CIDER PRESSES.

---HUYETT, MEYER & BOOZER.—

Manufacturers Agents for Centre and adjoining counties, for

Hydraulic Cider and Wine Presses, ...

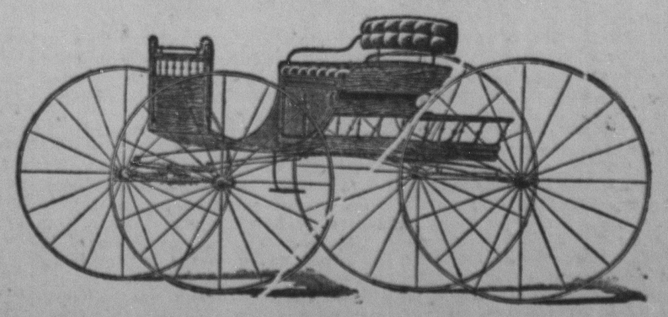
. . Evaporators, Apple Graters, Cider Pumps

. . And General Cider Makers' Supplies. . .

o——o

HYDRAULIC PRESSES FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

.·. ALWAYS IN THE LEAD ! .·.



With What? With a full line of Buggies, Spring Wagons, Carriages, Carts, Road Wagons, and Harness.

Buggies from $60 to $90.
A grade Road Wagon, side spring, $38.
A grade Road Wagon, Eliptic springs, $42.
I sell Buggy Wheels, with steel tire, well bolted and banded at $9.85 per set. Send for catalogue. Ware room opposite Reporter office; factory on Church street.

WM. W. BOOB,

Repairing a Specialty. 182m CENTRE HALL, PA.

SEASHORE EXCURSIONS.

To the Cities by the Sea via the P. R. R. for $10 for the Round Trip.

On July 27th next the second of the popular 12-Day Excursions to the seashore will leave Pittsburg by special train at 8.50 A. M., arriving in Philadelphia at 7.16 that evening, where the night may be spent, and any regular train taken the next day for the shore. The tickets will be valid for return passage for twelve days, and a choice of destinations allowed—whether Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City. The rate of $10 from Pittsburg and proportionately low rates from other places is remarkably cheap, and affords an excellent opportunity for an economical trip to the ocean.

These rates apply on regular trains leaving Pittsburg at 4.30, 7.00 and 8.10 P. M., or on special train leaving at 8.50 A. M. on the above mentioned date.

The special train will be run on the schedule, and the tickets will be sold at the rates quoted:

	Rate.	Trains	leave
West Brownsville	$10 00	6.15	A. M.
Monongahela City	10 00	7.08	"
Pittsburg	10 00	8.50	"
East Liberty	10 00	9.00	"
Braddock	10 00	9.10	"
Irwin	10 00	9.30	"
Uniontown	10 00	6.58	"
Connellsville	10 00	7.32	"
Mt. Pleasant	10 00	7.10	"
Scottdale	10 00	7.54	"
Alverton	10 00	8.02	"
Greensburg	10 00	9.52	"
Indiana	10 00	9.10	"
Butler	10 00	6.15	"
Paulton	10 00	8.34	"
Latrobe	10 00	10.05	"
Blairsville	10 00	9.58	"
Johnstown	9 25	11 03	"
Cresson	8 50	11.52	"
Altoona	8 00	12.55	P. M.
Holidaysburg	8 00	11.05	A. M.
Bellwood	8 00	1.06	P. M.
Clearfield	8 90	9.36	A. M.
Philipsburg	8 35	10.27	"
Osceola	8 25	10 40	"
Bellefonte	8 65	10.28	"
Tyrone	7 65	1.18	P. M.
Cumberland	8 50	8:25	A. M.
Bedford	8 50	9 50	"
Huntingdon	7 10	1.48	P. M.
Mt. Union	6 75	2.08	"
McVeytown	6 50	2.28	"
Lewistown Junction	6 00	2 45	"
Mifflin	5 65	3.05	"
Newport	5 00	3.36	"
Duncannon	4 60	3.53	"
Philadelphia	Ar.	7.16	"

For detailed information address or apply to Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent, 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

A Good Hair Wash.

The following hair wash is said to be harmless: Dissolve an ounce of salts of Tartar in a quart of warm water and add the juice of two lemons. When the effervescing is over, dip the hair in the basin, and with the fingers rub the scalp until it is covered with lather and all the dandruff and dust has been loosened. If the water is black, you may know that your head is red and clean. Rinse in warm water, again in cool, and a third time in cold water. It will take from one to three hours to dry the hair, and in should not be done up until it is dry.

It Should Be In Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c, and $1.00.

Improving the Bicycles.

Wm. W. Carns, of Tyrone, has been granted letters patent for a new driving mechanism providing for cycles and such other similar machines and mechanism which is simple in construction, very compact and reliable in its operation by which speed may be varied according to the nature of the road over which the machine is propelled, and all this is to give the rider the benefit of propelling his or her machine to be used for coasting without removing the feet from the pedals.

Fell on the Belt

On Tuesday William Noll, engineer at Ross & Meyer's saw mill, on the Barney Wagner farm near Centre Hill while carrying a piece of slab wood from the saw, in some manner got in such a position that he finally landed on a belt running the cut off saw. The belt was running very fast, and he was carried up over the engine and thrown against a partition with much force, and landed in a heap in an unconscious state. Strange to say no bones were broken but he soon began vomiting large quantities of blood and has received internal injuries.

A Wholesale Slaughter.

A few nights ago a mink got into Wm. Colyer's chicken pen, across the valley, and killed one hundred spring chickens. That mink is also among the dead now, as Colyer managed to capture the murderous brute.

Prostrated.

Mrs. Amos Koch, of near Buffulo Run, is seriously ill. Hemorrhages, resulting from over-work, are the cause of her prostration.

——Go to Lewins, Bellefonte, for your clothing. Their styles are perfect in every respect. Suits neat in pattern, stylishly cut and elegantly made. Nothing quite so good anywhere.

POE MILLS.

A Few Interesting Items from the Lumber Community.

Berries, both huckleberries and blackberries, are likely to be plenty.

The trout season closed on Saturday. The anglers during the season were many, but the catch was small in numbers and little in sizes.

Lumber operations are still active up Poe and Swift runs.

David Raymond has a live rattler boxed; he looped it about five weeks ago on Cherry Run, and has a customer for it who wants a pet of the kind. David has been laid up with rheumatism for over a week.

Florrie Confer, postmaster and merchant, is doing a brisk business in his little store.

Mr. A. Newton Bitner, now the station agent, is rendering satisfaction at his post.

To Burn the School Books.

At a recent meeting of the state board of health a resolution was adopted at the sense of the boards that all the boards of education should require destruction by fire of all school books used in families when contagious or infectious diseases exist. The subject of cholera was discussed and a system has been adopted for prompt action in case of an outbreak of the disease on emigrant trains en route. It contemplates the most prompt and rigid measures to prevent the spread of the disease. Circulars of instructions are issued to the local boards of health, in which are given methods for repressing or preventing the epidemic.

Well Equipped.

The REPORTER office is now better equipped than ever for work on all lines of job work, etc., from a wedding invitation to a several sheet poster. A Universal press, 14x22 has been added to the plant along with a large lot of new type, and other material. No office in the county is better prepared to turn out fine work in the shortest possible time than we can. High speed presses, and good workmen unable us to quote low prices on all work.

Veto Power.

A new law was enacted by the last legislature and signed by the governor. It is one authorizing the election of chief burgess for three years in boroughs, who shall not be eligible to the office for the next successive term, providing that he shall not be a member of the town council, giving him veto power, providing for election of presiding officer of council and abolishing office of assistant burgess.

Cases of Poisoning.

There are numerous serious cases of poisoning in different portions of the country, of late, from eating cheese. What's got into the cheese now? Persons fond of this delicacy should look a "little out," if it is full of wrigglers, that won't kill you, it will kill the warums if you eat the cheese, but if there's pizen in it, that will be worse than wrigglers.

"My little boy was very bad off for two months with diarrhoea. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing done him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhoea or colic medicine. J. E. Hare, Trenton, Tex. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray.

All Busy.

No one is suffering for want of work in our county. Any one wishing work can have it—by seeking, at least, it can be found. Wages for day laborers run from 75 cents to $1.25. Mechanics get from $2.00 to $2.50 per day, and all find employment. Goods being cheaper than ever, with crop prospects good, and work plenty, there is no reason to complain.

Close the Stores.

The base ball mania has struck Bellefonte with such a force this season, that all the stores will be closed to day to allow the proprietors and clerks an opportunity to attend a game. Bellefonte is sporty, but the closing of the business houses puts them front in the procession.

Pushing It Along.

The new railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall, is being pushed right along and work is being done as rapidly as possible. The grading has been completed several miles out of Bellefonte, and bridges and culverts are being erected at the Mill Hall end of the line.

The Decision.

The state superintendent of public instruction has officially decided that school boards must furnish free text books from this time on.

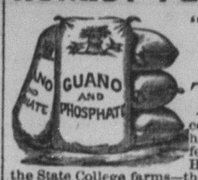
Coal for Sale.

A car load of soft coal, for sale. at a reduced price, for cash.

KURTZ & SON.

——Sugar syrup, 5 cents per quart. Good toweling at 4½ cents per yard. Apron Gingham 5 cents, at C. P. Long & Co.

HONEST FERTILIZERS AT HONEST PRICES.



"How to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."

The Liebig High Grade Acid Phosphate is the trade name adopted for the best prepared Acidulated Dissolved South Carolina Rock now being offered to the farmers of Pennsylvania, which we guarantee contains 14 to 15½ per cent. available Phosphoric Acid, which is the highest guarantee given on any Dissolved South Carolina Rock ever offered for sale in Centre County. We sold over two hundred tons of this High Grade Acid Phosphate during the past year. It has been used on the State College farms—the farms of adjoining townships, as well as many other farms through ut Centre County, during the past three years, which has given the most satisfactory results.

PRODUCED BY

On Wheat, Corn, Oats and other Crops, the outlook is, that we will sell more than two hundred tons this year. It is an Acid Phosphate of the highest quality, and is sold at the lowest price by the ton or car load.

CHAMPION $25.00 PHOSPHATE.

NO FERTILIZER

McCalmont & Co's. Champion $25.00 Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphate has been used by farmers of Centre county during the past three years and has proven its self superior in stimulating plant growth to all other complete fertilizers FERTILIZER. This is a complete fertilizer. It not only produces a crop of grain, but stimulates a crop of grass, clover and timothy. It is equal in value to other phosphates at thirty dollars per ton. Dr. Freer of the State College proves this claim by his analysis. We sold fifty tons last year.

NITRATES AND PHOSPHATES.

In addition to the above articles we sell Ammoniated Dissolved Bone, Buffalo Honest Phosphate, Ground Bone, Muriate of Potash, Nitrate of Soda, Land Plaster, and Agricultural Salt in quantities to meet the wants of buyers.

HONEST GOODS INVITES PATRONAGE.

We have given a great deal of attention and study to the merits and cost of fertilizers in which we deal. Our greatest ambition is to furnish honest fertilizers of the highest quality at the least possible cost to the farmer; we now present our claims to the farmers in this respect, with the full assurance that our efforts have been crowned with success. Believing this to be the fact, we invite the farmers of Centre and adjoining counties to examine the merits of the fertilizers we offer before purchasing.

McCALMONT & CO,

July 13, 1893. *BELLEFONTE, PA.*

World's Fair Philanthropists.

Messrs. Boddie Bros., wealthy Chicago gentlemen, having the interest of their city at heart, and desiring to disprove the falsity of the statement that only in boarding houses can be found moderate priced accommodations during the World's Fair, remodeled and furnished at great expense one of their famous absolutely fire-proof business structures, located corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, within short walking distance of the Union Depots, Theatres, Post Office, Board of Trade, Steam, Elevated, Cable Roads and Steamboats to the World's Fair, furnished newly throughout 500 rooms, superb parlors, elevators, electric lights, exhaust fans to keep cool entire building, named this property The Great Western Hotel, and invite the public to take their choice of rooms for $1.00 per day, children 5 to 12 fifty cents. Elegant restaurant and dining rooms where fine meals are served at 50 cents, or a la carte at very moderate prices.

There would be less heard or known of extortion and imposition connected with the World's Fair were there more public spirited, fair minded men in Chicago as are the owners and proprietors of The Great Western Hotel. Our readers should write as early as possible to secure rooms, for they are being taken up rapidly.—St. Paul *Daily News.*

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Lydia Keller, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

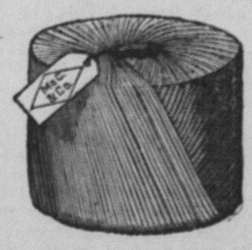
D. C. KELLER, Executor,
3July6t Turbotville, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED To canvass for the sale of our Home Grown Nursury Stock. New Profit Sharing System. Salary and expenses paid. W & T. SMITH CO. The Geneva Nursery, GENEVA, N. Y. Established 1846. One of the Largest, Oldest Established and Best Known Nursuries in the United States. 18o4t

WANTED.—SALESMEN, TO SELL OUR choice and hardy nursery stock. Many special varieties to offer both in fruits and ornamentals, and controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary, give exclusive territory and pay weekly. Write us at once and secure choice of territory. MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
15jun5m Rochester, N. Y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of F. M. Burkholder, dec'd., of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, she would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

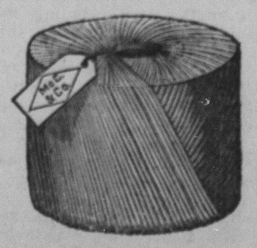
MARY E. BURKHOLDER,
Administratrix,
Jun3-6t Centre Hill.



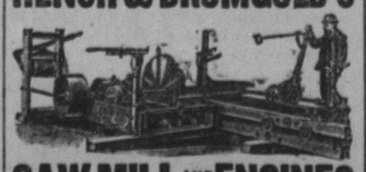
BINDER TWINE.

Sisal, Standard and Manila--Best in quality, lowest in prices.

M'CALMONT & CO.
4t BELLEFONTE, PA



HENCH & DROMGOLD'S



SAW MILL AND ENGINES

A wonderful improvement in **Friction Feeds and Gig-Back.** Back motion of Carriage **three times** as fast as any other in the market. **Friction Clutch Feed,** causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; **great saving in power and wear.** Write for circulars and prices; furnished free upon application. Also **Spring Tooth Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers,** etc. *Mention this paper.*

HENCH & DROMGOLD, Manfrs., YORK, PA.

——C. P. Long has just returned from eastern cities with the finest and best selected stock of general merchandise ever brought to Spring Mills, which will be sold at lower figures than elsewhere. Stock going fast.

New Buggies, Wagons, &c.,

AT A BARGAIN.

The undersigned has on hand at his shops at Yeagertown a very large stock of Buggies, Carriages, Wagons, &c., which he will sell at low prices and easy terms in order to make room. All made of first-class material and equal to the best. Call and see my stock. I can suit everybody. Buggies and Wagons made to order in the best style. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.

jun1-3m H. PHILIPS.

EXPLOSIVES, POWDER, FUSE AND QUARRYING MACHINERY.

ATLAS POWDER.—The very best quality of Dynamite in use is named the Atlas Powder, for blasting rocks and blowing out stumps.

JUDSON POWDER.—The Judson powder is of medium strength between black powder and dynamite.

BLACK POWDER.—Dupont's make of blasting, rifle and sporting powder has always been considered the best in the market and it is as good in quality to-day as it ever was.

CARTRIDGES.—Fixed ammunition for hunters and sportsmen.

WE ARE PREPARED to supply the trade with the above High Class Explosives at the very lowest prices. We guarantee the lowest prices for the best goods in this line ever offered for sale in this community.

FUSE.—Cotton, hemp, tape and rubber fuses for use in dry and wet rock.

PLATINUM FUSES AND ELECTRIC BLASTING APPARATUS.

ROCK DRILLS.—Rock Drills operated by hand, steam or compressed air with boilers, air compressors and engines for operating the same.

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Time Table, in effect May 21, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p m., Baltimore, 3.10 p m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.01 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p m., New York 3.50 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m., Washington 4.10 a. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30 a. m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.27 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars to Erie and Elmira and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.:

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore 8.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore,

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.50 a m; Washington at 10.15a m, Baltimore at 11.10 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.35 p m, Washington 3.15 p m, Baltimore 4.12 p m, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore. 11.40 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.27 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A M	P. M.	P M
2 00		5 40	Montandon	9 20		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 22	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 38	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 20		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 23
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 53		8 02	Penn-Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		3 01
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 28	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 33
4 37		8 47	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5 40and 7.45 p m turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m. 10.20 a m. 5.02 p m, 5.56 p m, and 8 05 p m

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

VERMONT is one of the few States in which it has been held that the jurors were judges of the law as well as of the facts in criminal cases. For nearly sixty years there have been decisions by the higher court of the State in which directions by the trial judges that the jury are judges of the law and of the fact have been sustained. In almost every other State of the Union, and in most English speaking countries, the jurors have been considered the judges of the facts only, and the judges have been called upon to decide as to all matters of law. The Supreme Court of Vermont in a recent decision has carefully reviewed the decisions in that State, as well as the whole history under the English and American decisions of the relative duties of judges and jurors in criminal cases. Of course as soon as the judges concluded to disregard the apparent mass of precedents in their own State, the reasoning was easy and conclusive leading to the opinion that jurors were not the paramount judges of the law. Judge Thompson, who writes the opinion, supposes a case in which the jury think that the Court has erred in its statement of law. "Debarred from access to law books of authority, from which they might hope to obtain some light to aid them, nor even permitted to read the statutes which perchance they are attempting to construe, unaided by precedent and utterly ignorant of the law of the case, they are left to evolve it from their 'inner consciousness.' When thus evolved, and applied by them to the case, their decision as to the law cannot be placed upon the record pursuant to the requirements of the statutes, for it can never be known, except by inference or conjecture, what they held the law to be."

THE construction of a military road between Washington and Baltimore is being agitated by the business men of both cities. The idea of the project seems to be that such a road, well graded and ballasted, would offer a safeguard, which neither should be without merely because no necessity for it seems to exist in these peaceful times. Mr. Wallace Stebbins, a merchant of Baltimore, who has interested himself and many others in the matter, points out that in time of riot, or even invasion, the railroads could be quickly rendered useless, and the facilities for moving troops and artillery would then be found to be the worst conceivable, for the road system between the two cities is execrable from a military point of view The suggestion is made that a suitable route be selected, that the State of Maryland be asked to construct that part within its limits and the Government pay for that part within the District of Columbia. There would be no objection, he says, to setting apart a portion of the roadbed for the use of an electric line to connect Baltimore and Washington, but the building of such a railway should be so restricted as not to interfere with other travel on the road. He thinks that the convict labor at the Houses of Correction could be brought into requisition to build the road.

"I NEVER saw such a sight in my life, and may not again," said Lieutenant Coffin of the U. S. S. Bennington, which had just returned from the trial trip of Uncle Sam's new cruiser, the New York. "When the new cruiser was fully two miles away we could hear the roar of the water as she cut through it. She was going so fast that the water could not get out of her way, and when she was quite a mile off we could feel the motion of the water that was displaced. She seemed to cut and split the wave, and yet she was going so fast that it piled up against her bow until it seemed sixteen to twenty feet above the sea level. She was not only pushing the water in front, but sucking it along by the side, so that amidships the surface of the water seemed at least ten feet lower, and one would have sworn that if she had been a side-wheeler her paddle wheels would have been entirely out of water. On board the Bennington we were mighty excited and cheered like lunatics as the fastest armored ship in the world tore past us. We could see the crew flat on their bellies, lest there should be any surface exposed to the wind to retard the speed of the vessel. She left a wake of smooth, seething white foam half a mile wide."

STRAWBERRY culture was an industry almost unknown among the farmers of Arkansas ten years ago, but to-day they are deriving large profits from it. Especially is this the case in fertile Crawford County. In 1885 the Rev. C. H. Gregory, then President of Hiram College, leased a tract of land there and set out seven acres of strawberries, intending to ship the product North. The farmers regarded the experiment incredulously, but when in the second year he received $1,100 for his crop, they lost no time in following his example. To-day there are 1,000 acres of strawberries in Crawford County, and a daily train of refrigerator cars, which run to Kansas City, Denver, and St. Louis, has been put on for the benefit of the shippers. In that part of Arkansas strawberries begin to ripen as early as April 20, and so alluring are the profits of the comparatively long season that many farmers will now do nothing but grow this fruit. The net profits this season are estimated at $90,000. They have formed themselves into a society, and now send representatives to the principal shipping points to look after consignments.

A NOBLE charity is that of the Summer Camp for tenement-house children in Piasa Valley near St. Louis. The society known as the King's Daughters originated it. In character it is strictly nonsectarian. Mothers who desire to send their children to the camp, and are not known to the society, have only to apply to the police captain of their district, and if they are found to be too poor to take their little ones out of town, arrangements are made to give them a holiday at the camp. It often happens that children are too poorly clad to be presentable, in which case the King's Daughter's furnish them with the needful clothing. The buildings at the camp are rough, but clean, well drained, and comfortable. As the children expect to live out-of-doors, frolic on the grass, and play in the woods, the finish of their sleeping quarters is of little moment. A physician and nurses are to be on the ground prepared to care for the sick.

WORK for the unemployed on road-building has been tried with success in some cities of Germany. At Mannheim work was given at stone-breaking and repairing the roadways and parks. The workmen were not placed under the direct charge of the public officials, but under the direction of the trades unions. Better work and more of it was done than was expected, and the self respect of the men was preserved. At Cologne it was found that as soon as the city provided even very low wages several employers dismissed workmen whom they would otherwise have kept. In Magdeburg it was found that any rate higher than 34 cents a day would attract laborers from other work. Our States, says the Voice, need improvement of their roads. It would be cheaper for the public to give to the unemployed work at repairing the roads than to support them as now in unproductive and involuntary idleness.

PEOPLE reared in an environment of Anglo-Saxon custom and tradition have always found Chinese the most difficult of all languages to acquire. It is not very surprising, therefore, to learn that the British Army authorities have found it almost impossible, even by the most persuasive inducements, to get their officers to undertake the study of the mandarin tongue. Ten years ago the Government offered handsome prizes to any officer who could show satisfactory progress in learning Chinese, and now a reward of 2,000 rupees is promised to all officers passing even an elementary examination in this difficult language of monosyllables. In the United States Chinese is but little studied. About ten years ago Harvard College offered a course of instruction in it, and imported a most imposing mandarin to teach it, but hardly half a dozen students out of the 1,500 there made use of the opportunity. Yet a number of Harvard students during the last twenty years have gone to China after graduation and "picked up" the language very handily.

A WASHINGTON, (D. C.,) jury has awarded damages against the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company on a very novel plea. If the decision stands, it will give a world of trouble to the railroads. The plaintiff alleges that his health was damaged by the noise made by the defendant's trains, which passed his house, and that he had not had a good night's sleep for months. He also said that the noxious smells caused by the company were intolerable to him. The defendant's attorney thought that a young man ought to get used to these things in time, but the plaintiff's lawyer said that his client certainly had a right to his comforts of home, even if he were young. The jury thought so, too, and gave a verdict of $500 for the plaintiff. If one can recover damages from a railroad for making a noise, there are thousands of people who have a good case against them.

A NEW rain wizard named C. B. Jewell has risen in Kansas. He claims that he can establish direct electrical communication with the clouds by means of certain gases, and that he can produce clouds by sending the gases into a clear sky. When this is done small clouds begin to gather in all directions, and within a short time the sky is shut out by a solid mass of clouds from which rainfall is certain. He says that he can also send a captive balloon into a cloud and produce rainfall instantly. When this method is used he charges the balloon with certain gases which explode when they come in contact with moisture.

ONE exhibit at the World's Fair of especial interest to the wives of workingmen is the model cottage. This is under the direction of Miss Katharine Davis and furnished to an ideal of comfort, convenience and economy. Miss Davis prepares and explains three meals a day supposed to feed the average family; a man, his wife and four children, one a baby. The cost, per day, of these meals is not expected to exceed fifty-seven cents.

Grasshoppers on Toast.

"Ever eat any grasshopper?" asked John Mills, at the Pacific Hotel in Pomona, Cal., the other day, while conversing with a reporter of the Progress. "You never did? Then you don't know what luxury is. Talk about your fricaseed frogs, pate de foie gras, and all the rest of your hifalutin' French fixin's! They just ain't in it at all with a big, fat Kansas hopper, done brown in fresh country butter. I was once traveling from St. Joe to Wichita when the hoppers swooped down on Kansas like a horde of hungry office-holders on a President-elect. When they finished feeding and hopped up on the barbed-wire fence to pick their teeth and talk it over, the country looked like the burned district in Chicago after the big fire. I had a new green wagon with red wheels, and the hoppers ate every bit of paint off it and gnawed the woodwork. They ate all the blacking off my harness, the tails off my horses, and I had to keep my dog under a tarpaulin to prevent them devouring him raw. You never saw such appetites. They got into my commissary department and made away with everything but a stone jar of butter I had bought in St. Joe. I didn't have a cent, and it was two days' drive to Wichita. Couldn't live on butter, you know, so I concluded to play for even. I built a fire, put my skillet over it and dropped in half a half a pound of the dyspepsia provoker. It was s on frying and sizzling away at a great rate, and the hoppers were hopping into it, sixty a second. I let 'em fry about a minute, then I removed 'em and sat down to give my stomach a surprise party. Well, sir, the hind legs were the finest meat I ever ate. They had an excellent game flavor and tasted like mountain brook trout. I fared sumptuously after that, and found the journey far too short. I had always been sorry for St John, whose diet had been locusts and wild honey, but I tell you he knew his business. If a locust is anything like a Kansas hopper the original pathfinder had no kick coming."

For cleaning silver the best thing is plaster of paris moistened with water and rubbed on the metal with a cloth. Before it is dry take a piece of soft flannel and some of the dry powder and polish off. This treatment will remove stains and make the silver look like new. It will make tin look like silver.

A STUDY IN POETRY.

In Which It is Shown That Opinions May Honestly Differ.

The Lover of True Poetry had dropped into the office to talk with the literary editor, but that gentleman was busy pinching off the buds of inspired genius and the visitor sat down with the horse editor, who had a few moments just then to waste.

"By the way," remarked the horse editor, "I was thinking about you today."

"Oh, thanks," lisped the visitor; "I hope it was good."

"Fairly, yes," assented the horse editor; "but it was rather about your taste for poetry than about you, per se. I was looking over some of the eastern magazines, ready here and there the poetry they publish."

"Yes?" and the Lover of True Poetry looked soulful. "They do print such lofty verse," he said; "each beautiful thought in such artistic garniture."

"Now, don't you know, it didn't quite strike me that way," said the horse editor. "I presume my soul isn't altogether onto it. Listen to this, for instance, from *Scribner's* for February, written by Louise Chandler Moulton, and entitled, 'Shall I Complain?' and the unpoetic horse editor opened the magazine and read:

"Shall I complain, who still this bliss may know,
And thrill anew to each long past delight,
And see dear faces steal back, one by one;
To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
When all the world is vague with coming night—
To sit alone and dream at set of sun?'

The visitor's hands were clasped and his eyes looked dreamily toward the ceiling.

"Rapturous, beautiful, charming," he exclaimed.

"Think so?" asked the reader. "Well, how is this from the May *Century*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and entitled 'A Knight of Pentecost?'"

"All sacrosanct, a Knight of Pentecost!
Then rode he forth, his trump of onset sounded,
By all the forces of the day surrounded,
White with the whiteness of the Holy Ghost,
Full of the strength that holds the stars together,
Full of the word that made the sunlit weather."

The Lover's eyes were radiant.

"It is full of the divine on earth," he said, "strong as a giant and tender as a woman's touch."

"Everybody to his liking, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow," remarked the practical wretch; "but how does this from the *Cosmopolitan* for February, by an unknown writer, seem to occur to you?"

"Art these thyself, or art thou all of these—
The doves, the palaces, the soft sea breeze,
White statues, fountains in the cypress bloom
Familiar roses and strange olive trees—
I cannot part thee from one garden's bloom."

"The very breathing of the soul that loves; the music of a heart-string touched by a master hand," exclaimed the Lover rapturously.

"It wouldn't work well into a horse race, that's very true," admitted the horse editor; "but here's another. Madison Carvein wrote it and *Harper's* for February gave it to the world. It is called 'The Red Bird.'"

"And now the red bird sings!
Red wings among the flowers
Swim through the very hours;
And now two redder wings,
Red clouds and reddest flowers."

"That is nature idealized in perfect rhythm," murmured the Lover of True Poetry.

"I've got a lot more that I picked out from other magazines and other numbers of these I quote from," said the horse editor softly, "but I won't read them now."

"Yes, read them," pleaded the Lover of True Poetry.

"No, I won't; they make me tired," said the horse editor.

"Oh, don't say that," said the visitor. "It shows such a dreadful lack of taste; such a waste of appreciation of that which is so truly beautiful."

"Fudge!" exclaimed the horse editor. "Do you mean to tell me these verses mean anything and say things as they could best be said?"

"Indeed I do; and only poems of that kind are admitted to those magazines. That is the true and highest standard."

"Well, now, suppose you come off the perch," suggested the horse editor. "You can't find one of those poems as I read them to you in the magazines I have quoted from."

"But I know I can. I read them myself and remember the sentiment and the wording quite distinctly."

"Possibly you do, old man; possibly you do, but everyone of them I read to you from finish to start; that is, the last line first, and so on, and they make just as good sense one way as they do the other, and you can try them both ways and see. And not they only, but most of this modern high class poetry is cut off the same piece. Now, what I want to know is, is the true merit of poetry to be found in that true comprehensiveness of diction and sentiment which will permit it to be read backwards and forwards with equal sense, or shall we apply the ordinary rules of prose reading to it? Don't answer now," said the horse editor, staying the reply of his visitor, "but think it over and come in with your answer day after to-morrow. I must now go out and lay a few sentences on a horse race in the eastern circuit," and the horse editor left the Lover of True Poetry carefully examining the poems in the various magazines.—[Detroit Free Press.

ONE of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea, and while digging a well in the vicinity the earth was found to be frozen to a depth of 340 feet.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

MUTTON BROTH.—Remove every particle of fat and skin, leaving two pounds of lean mutton, when done pour over it a quart of cold water and add a pinch of salt. After it comes to a boil let it simmer for two hours. Barley can be boiled in it, or small pieces of macaroni added, about twenty minutes before it is done.

FRIED EGG PLANT.—Pare and slice one large egg plant, let it soak in salt water for half an hour, then steam until soft enough to mash. Stir the egg plant into batter made of one egg, one cup of milk and flour enough to make it thin. Fry like fritters in boiling lard. Drain the grease off by placing the pieces on brown paper. When served spread well with butter.

BROILED KIDNEYS.—Broiled kidney are delicious if cooked thoroughly with a little bacon for seasoning. Cut them through lengthwise and lay on the broiler with alternate slices of the bacon. Lay on a hot dish, sprinkle half of each with minced parsley, pepper and celery salt, and press the other half on it.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat three eggs well without separating, and add three tablespoonfuls of milk, and as much flour as the eggs and milk will mix; roll out as thin as possible, cut into strips, and dry half an hour. Boil for twenty minutes in plenty of boiling salted water; drain dry. Brown delicately in a frying pan, with one tablespoonful of butter.

JULIENNE SOUP.—A nice summer soup for a family is the "Julienne," which is made as follows: Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the soup kettle; stir until melted; cut three young onions small, and fry them a nice brown; add three quarts of good clear beef stock, a little mace, pepper and salt; let boil one hour; add three young carrots and three turnips cut small, a stalk of celery cut fine, a pint of string beans, and a pint of green peas; boil two hours; if the soup be not of a light, clear color add a spoonful of soy.

BONED ROAST CHICKEN.—For this purpose you must have a fine, tender chicken. After it is drawn, washed and wiped dry, lay it on a clean table and take a very sharp knife with a narrow blade and point. Split down the back, and let the knife follow the bones, scraping loose the flesh rather than cutting it. It requires care and pains to do it nicely, and to avoid tearing or breaking the skin. As you set the bones free, remove them carefully. Place bones and carcass in hot water, fold the chicken in cheese and lay across the bones in such a manner that it will not touch the water; let steam for two hours, then brush with butter and bake in oven until brown. Serve with mushroom sauce.

UTILIZING COLD POULTRY.—Cut the fowl into joints, removing all skin and sinew; melt together with a teaspoonful of flour and a bare half ounce of butter, stirring it well till thoroughly amalgamated; then add to it about three-quarters of a pint of white stock (made from the trimmings of the fowl if none other is handy), and let it boil for a few minutes with a strip or two of lemon peel and a morsel of mace, then strain it, pour it on the fowl, and let it all heat gently together; when hot, arrange the gravy with the yoke of an egg beaten up in a wineglassful of cream, but do not let the sauce boil after this is added, and pour it over the fowl, garnishing the latter with tiny rolls of fried bacon and sliced lemon. This, of course, makes a fricassee, but by using any stock and letting the flour and butter brown, you can have the sauce brown.

What is Celluloid?

Probably a great majority of the people who have used celluloid these many years have no knowledge of its composition, and never have suspected that it was simply paper, chemically treated, reduced again to pulp, and then moulded into its final "form of beauty and utility." The process is not a complicated one. A roll of paper is slowly unwound, being saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon it in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into propylin gun-cotton.

The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water till all traces of the acid have been removed. It is then reduced to a pulp and bleached. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with twenty to forty per cent. of camphor, and the mixture is thoroughly triturated under mill-stones. The necessary coloring powder having been added, a second mixing and grinding follows. The pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five of these layers are placed in a hydraulic press, separated by blotting paper, and subjected to a pressure of 150 atmospheres until all traces of moisture have disappeared. The French article differs somewhat from the American, being made from paroxylated paper, treated with alcohol, then mixed with alcohol and subjected to pressure, as in the other case. But the French article has the disadvantage that it is susceptible to ignition, and that of a very energetic sort. This usually takes place at about 480 degrees F., but may occur spontaneously at a considerably lower figure. It produces a thick, black smoke, but no flame. [Paper World.

What Is the Safest Place During a Thunderstorm?

In answer to this question the editor of the Electrical Age says: "The question is rather broad and indefinite. Generally speaking, however, the safest place during a thunderstorm is amid dry and non-metallic surroundings. In a room, for instance, get as far away as possible from open windows and metal pipes or machinery. The interior of a room is about as safe a place as any. The old idea of getting into a feather bed is a very good one. It is a good protective expedient because feathers are insulators. Any substance that is dry, but of a non-metallic nature, is a good insulator, as compared with the substance wet; therefore, keep in dry surroundings. All metals are good conductors of electricity, and lightning always seeks such substances in its path to the ground. Therefore get as far away as possible from metals."

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

ABOUT a year ago a great meteor fell at or near Table Mountain, says the Oroville (Cal.) Mercury. The fall of the visitor from unknown spheres and the consternation it caused among those who were witnesses was told in a graphic manner to a reporter of this paper by Professor George H. Stout, Superintendent of Schools, and created wide interest. Searching parties were organized and several scientific gentlemen came here to get if possible a piece of the meteor. Mr. Stout received letters from all over the United States and even from Europe. But despite strenuous efforts, no trace of the mysterious mass could be found. The other day, however, Charles E. Bloomfield, who resides some miles to the west of where this meteor was supposed to have struck, discovered what is undoubtedly a fragment of the same. He was ploughing his field when the implement tarned up a mineral mass which Mr. Bloomfield immediately recognized as not being of the ordinary character. He brought the same to Oroville and it was put on exhibition at Norton & Ekman's drug store. The fragment weighs fifty pounds, is of a flint or brownish color on the surface, and for its size is remarkably heavy. Assayer Ekman says that the mass is mostly composed of iron, although he has as yet made no regular assay. He says that there is no doubt of its being of meteoric origin, and will at once test it and find what its component parts are. He will also send samples of the meteor to different scientists.

DOCTOR JOHN ASH of Macoupin County, Illinois, has received from Pennsylvania, as a keepsake and memento of early history in the Ash family, a terrapin or land turtle now in the neighborhood of a century old. Almost a hundred years ago, when Joseph Ash, Dr. Ash's grandfather, was a young man, himself and girl, afterwards his wife, were out walking near their home in the Keystone State, when they espied a turtle at the roadside. Picking it up, Mr. Ash took out his knife and cut the initials of his lady friend and his own upon the back of the turtle, then turning it loose. For years it disappeared, and until two weeks since was only once seen, so far as goes the recollection of any member of the family. A few days ago there was a big reunion of the Ash family at the old homestead, at which the Doctor was present, and, strange to say, only a week before the date of the meeting the old turtle, with the initials plainly visible upon his back, was found wandering around on a portion of the homestead grounds. Just below the letters is the date, "1814." Doctor Ash will keep and care for his turtleship.

A CURIOSITY in the line of a snake is to be seen at the New England newsstand, says the Minneapolis Tribune. It is a boa constrictor, and came from South America with a cargo of bananas. The snake is three feet long and about four inches in greatest circumference. On its long journey it was kept comatose in a refrigerator, but hardly had it been unloaded when Minnesota's sun began to thaw it out. A fruit vender of this city was marching out of the store with the bunch of bananas hung over his shoulder, when a bystander called out to him. The man turned about and saw the snake on a level with his eyes, looking at him as though wondering what next was to be expected. The bananas were dropped, and the vender's optics fairly bulged out of his head. He might possibly have heard of finding tarantulas in a bunch of bananas, but a boa constrictor was too much. The snake was fed the other day for the first time after his five weeks' fast. A mouse was dropped into his box. He wound himself about his victim and squeezed the life out of it, and then swallowed it whole.

AN employe of the Western of France Railway Company has hit upon a highly original plan for preventing his wife from gadding about in a way of which he disapproves. Before going to his daily duty Mr. Lehuby, for such is his name, has been in the habit of locking his wife up in a large trunk. By an ingenious contrivance the lid was made so that it could be raised a few inches, for the admission of air. The most remarkable thing perhaps in a remarkable case is the fact that the wife, who acknowledged that her husband had the strongest grounds for being dissatisfied with her conduct, seems to have been a consenting party to her enforced seclusion. Nevertheless, the facts becoming known, proceedings were instituted by the police authorities, and the correctional tribunal of Louviers has condemned M. Lehuby to pay a fine of ten dollars.

IT is a commmon belief in India that if a cobra is killed and the remains are left in a bungalow, others of the species will be attracted to the spot. About nine months ago Colonel Ilderton killed a very large cobra in the compound of the bungalow at Dinapore, and had its skin stuffed and set up by a native mochee. Since then the compound has been infested with these snakes, and no less than eight full-grown cobras, measuring from four feet eight inches to five feet four inches, have been killed there, one of which was sitting up, with its hood extended, contemplating the house where the remains of its preserved friend were. It is a curious fact that every snake when found was making in the direction of the bungalow, and most of them showed fight when tackled. No cobras have been seen in other parts of the station.

THE curious statement is published in the organ of the Palestine Exploration Fund, on the authority of Doctor Lorter, that the Dead Sea loses every day by evaporation several million tons of water. Doctor Lorter says this enormous mass is easily drawn up by the rays of the sun, the valley wherein the sea lies being one of the hottest points on the globe. This vast basin is remarkable as being the deepest depression upon the surface of the earth. It is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and rocky walls rising 2,600 feet in height surround it on all sides. It is nourished only by the river Jordan, and there being no outlet, its entire tribute of water must be absorbed by evaporation only. Doctor Lorter says that the waters of the lake are concentrated more and more, and so great has its density become that the human body floats on the surface without the slightest exertion of hands or feet.

DAVID PITMAN, an eccentric character living in Zanesville, Penn., since his retirement from the river with a comfortable fortune, has a horse forty-four years old. Captain Pitman has made a practice of celebrating the birthday anniversary of the animal with a pretentious banquet, during which the horse is brought into the best room in the house and fed on all the dainties that are spread before the other guests. The annual event has just been celebrated with more than usual magnificence, the guests and the horse being served with one of the finest dinners ever laid in this city, an entire day being given up to the festivities. The animal is Kentucky bred, and in its younger days was a racer of more than local celebrity.

ONE of the strangest superstitions of Chinamen is the awe with which they regard the cockroach. John holds the ugly black pest as something sacred, claiming that it is specially favored by the gods and a particular favorite of the great Joss. The most unfortunate mishap that can befall a Chinaman is to step on a cockroach. Instantly visions of terrible disasters and calamities arise before him. In some instances the superstition has been known to prey so on the minds of the Celestials as to drive them insane. As a result of this state of affairs Chinatown, Philadelphia, is overrun with cockroaches, and a Chinaman would as soon think of killing himself as of killing one of them.

PLAINFIELD has been all agog over a wee bit of newly arrived humanity. Mrs. Wallace Corriell, of North avenue, gave birth to a baby girl who was so tiny that it seemed almost incredible that the little body could be animate. The child at birth was about fourteen inches long and weighed about four pounds. It had the tiniest little hands and feet. The blue eyes seemed almost too large for the tiny face, which was only about four inches long, and it seemed almost impossible that such a wee bit of humanity could cry so loudly for its dinner.

A QUEER story comes from Montgomery County, Ga. Henry Randolph caught a mud turtle, took it home, cut its head off, had it dressed, cooked and served for dinner. On the fourth day, in the evening, after the head was cut off, a noise under the house caused an investigation, when it was found that the turtle's head had caught a chicken. The head had the chicken by the bill, and held it so tight that its mouth had to be forced open to get it loose. The chicken's bill was broken so that it could not eat, and it died.

THE Rev. A. M. Cockrell, of Sweet Springs, Mo., has been the subject of a remarkable surgical operation. The elbow joint was taken out with about two or three inches of the humerus, and as much of the radius. The joint has not only reossified, but is articulate, and it is said to be the only case of the kind on record. He now has the use of his arm, and in due time it will have its original strength.

AT Rock Hill, N. C., live a tiny hero and heroine. A little eight-year-old son of J. W. Thompson fell into a well about thirty-six feet deep. There was no one near except a ten-year-old sister, but he climbed out of the water by the aid of the rocks in the well, and was rescued by his little sister, who lowered the well chain and drew him out.

No woman fears a mouse more than Lord Roberts, whom Queen Victoria recently decorated, dislikes a cat. His nervous sensibilities are such that he can detect a cat's presence when unable to see it, and he is ill at ease until the animal is removed. Such, at least, is the story Dr. Mackenzie's daughter, writing from London, tells in a Philadelphia paper.

T. J. EDWARDS, of Worth County, Georgia, lost a fine milch cow under strange circumstances. Her horns were very crooked, and from the position in which she was found afterward it is supposed that in pawing at the flies, which are troublesome, she hung her foot to her horns, and died before she was discovered.

THE old cemetery of Barcelona, Spain, is in truth a "city of the dead." Streets upon streets of walls, with five or six stories of niches, into which the coffins are to be placed, give one indeed the idea of a deserted city. This fashion obtains all over Spain and in some parts of Italy.

How to Seal a Letter.

The ability to "seal" a letter correctly is said to be one of the lost arts. In the good old days of goose quills, loose sand for blotting, and fine sealing wax for adhesive purposes, delicacy and dexterity in putting the wax in the right place without burning one's fingers was a necessary part of a liberal education. Nowadays the art has almost passed out of remembrance. Here is the correct method of sealing a letter: When the letter is ready lay the seal on the table, at your right hand, and in such a position that when used the impression may be square and right side up. Then hold the wax above the flame of the gas or candle, but not near enough to burn. When the wax has been gradually softened apply it with a circular movement upon the place to be sealed; rub it well around and down until you have the circle of proper size and thickness. The wax, still soft, has cooled sufficiently to take a clear impression. Hold the envelope a little distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft, then moisten the seal and apply it. The result will be a clear-cut impression. There will be no adhesion of wax to seal, no breaking and no irregular wax strings hanging about the paper. The letter cannot be opened without destruction of the seal itself, which in old conventional style will serve as the security of the contents of the letter.

The Vandyke sleeve caps which taper to a point above the elbow are now quite as often added to the short open jacket as the square-shaped Russian model.

How Mosaic Paintings Are Made.

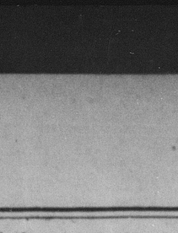
In order to reproduce a painting in mosaic, says Harper's Weekly, the artists or artisans take a flat sheet of iron of the same size as the painting, surrounded by a border about an inch high. This receptacle is then filled with plaster, so as to obtain a perfectly flat surface. On this the outlines of the figures are drawn. The plaster is then cut up into small squares, which are to be removed and gradually replaced by as many squares of mosaic of the same size. In the holes left empty when the plaster is taken away a new plaster, made of travertine dust, lime and linseed oil is poured.

After three days this new plaster acquires the necessary consistency, and in this the artist sticks the little colored squares. When all the surface of the plaster is covered with these colored pieces of mosaic, the whole is washed with sand and water until it becomes quite smooth. The colored pieces are made of mixtures of different minerals, like arsenic, lead, glass, etc. These minerals are placed in an oven, and the different colors are obtained by the different degrees of heat, and as many as 28,000 various colors can be obtained.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.

A whale develops 145 horse power when it flops its tail.

I LOST MY HEARING



As a result of catarrh in the head and was deaf for over a year. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and found when I had taken three bottles that my ***hearing was returning.*** It is now more than a year and I can hear ***perfectly well.***" HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Herman Hicks.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

Do You Sleep Peacefully?

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
"He, like the world, his ready visit pays
"Where fortune smiles——"

Upon him that owns that best of beds, the

Pilgrim Spring Bed

Which is made of **highly tempered steel wire**, is the PERFECTION of EASE, and will last a LIFETIME. Avoid all common wire imitations, for they are like unto

"A villain with a smiling cheek;
"A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
"O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath——
"A quicksand of deceit."

THE PILGRIM CHARMS PEACEFUL SLEEP.

A CHILD CAN LIFT IT AND TURN IT OVER.

Exhibited at No. 31 Warren Street, New York; No. 2 Hamilton Place, Boston.
For sale by all reliable Dealers.
See Brass Tag Registered Trademark on all Genuine Pilgrims.
Send for Money Saving Primer, Free.

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WAREHOUSES—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Lynn.
FACTORIES—Taunton, Mass.; Fairhaven, Mass.; Whitman, Mass.; Duxbury, Mass.; Plymouth, Mass.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are **strong, tough** and **durable.** Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Man'fd by

JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all druggists.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Light in the Evening."

TEXT: *"At evening time it shall be light."*—Zechariah xiv., 7.

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous—but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy.

Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel bands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which, I hope, we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening if often luminous so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent. and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and the sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power.

But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying: "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down—would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dark and howling, smothering and choking their lives out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jaspar and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys warbling heavenward.

"It is good that I have been afflicted," cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Right from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

The text shall also find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young—to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky high.

But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits, and broad shoulders for burden carrying, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path if you fellow it long enough will come under frowning crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 20, but they are 30. They say they are 60, but they are 80. How some people will lie! Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff, of John Quincy Adams falling with the harness on, of Washington Irving sitting pen in hand amid the scenes himself had made classical, of John Angell James to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham, of Theodore Frelinghuysen down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At evantide it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day saying to the passers by: "You will be an old man. You will be an old woman. You will be an old woman." People thought he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet—they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs—they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart. It will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock! 5 o'clock! 6 o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon. The warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock! 10 o'clock! The heavy dues are falling. The activities of life's day are all hushed. It is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At eventide it is light—light!

My text shall also find fulfillment in the latter days of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrefied.

It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes flashing all up and down the sky is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour, all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up, "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown thrasher's wing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's scepter and Nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows? The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forest harping it on vine-strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds touching the keys and euroclydon's foot on the pedal.

I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting. I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized. I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished. I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the Celestial City. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne and begun to sing hallelujah!

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water—heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadows, silence among the hills.

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light—light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave.

I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna!"

"Throw back the shutters and let the sun come in," said dying Scoville McCollum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome death! Welcome glory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments: "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battlecry rang through all the caverns of the sepulchre and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple!

Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God shouting: Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but the eye hath not seen it. Your eye has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology, but the ear hath not heard it.

How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it; seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave, let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend, let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou fallest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified. And if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." A voice from within says, "I never knew you."

Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye, aye," said the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever.

Ah! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed, with illuminated countenance, "Light." In the last instance of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!" Thank God for light in the evening.

LIGHT HAIR AND GENIUS.

Appearances Would Seem to Indicate That They Two Go Together.

It has long been an accepted fact that the great men of this world, in war, statecraft, or the arts, have all been abdominal men. There have been a few exceptions—there always are. Some one has even pointed out that there are exceptions to the rule that marriage is a failure. But in general the thin men are out of it. More curious still, according to the New York Commercial Advertiser, is the fact that the first requisite for political success is that one must be a light-haired or red-haired man. There may seem to be a contradiction in the other fact that all the members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, barring Mr. Lamont, are dark-haired men; it is merely seeming. No one says they are statesmen and Mr. Croker admits they are not politicians. Up to the time Mr. Cleveland first sat down hard upon the presidential chair only three men of dark complexion had ever filled the office of President of the United States. In the Smithsonian institution in Washington is a collection of tresses clipped from the heads of our rulers. Red and gray hair, yellow and red-brown hair, from Washington to the stout gentleman under whom the presidential chair now creaks, there has been a line of blonde men—twenty light men and three dark men. Major Moses P. Handy, whose whiskers are rufous, says that red hair is the outward and visible sign of genius. Mr. Cleveland sits softand says nothing, but there is good reason to believe that he looks upon his light stubby mustache as a mascot. The one thing certain is that he must have a mascot concealed about him somewhere. Were this not so he would be impossible. Just a few of the red Senators are Vest, of Missouri; Blackburn, of Kentucky; Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Brice, of New York and Ohio. Senator Frye, of Maine, is a blonde.

Governor Flower has red hairs in the little whiskers that lie like parenthesis marks on either side of his good-natured face. Blue-eyed "Billy" Sheehan, the Lieutenant Governor, is a man of light complexion. So is Senator Murphy.

Strange Relics Come to Light.

A remarkable discovery has just been made in one of the attics of the museum of the Louvre, Paris, where for many years a pile of card-board boxes containing various unclassified objects has awaited the investigations of the official staff. Among this flotsam and jetsam of the lumber-room is a green cartoon, bearing no external marks to distinguish it from the others, much less to indicate that it served as a sort of urn for part, at least, of the mortal relics of the royal personages. When this insignificant-looking casket was opened the first premonitory symptom of what was coming consisted of a whiff of that peculiar odor which clings even to the bones of Kings. Then a yellow sheet of paper was perceived, inscribed with the following inventory of the melancholy specimens that it half concealed: A shoulder-blade of Hugh Capet, a thigh-bone of Charles V., a shin-bone of Charles VI., sundry vertebræ of Charles VII., a shin-bone of Francis I., more vertebræ of Charles IX., a rib of Phillippe Le Bel, ditto of Louis XII., the lower jaw-bone of Catherine de Medicis, a jaw-bone of Anne of Austria, a shin-bone of Cardinal de Retz.

Opposite to each name is inscribed the death of its possessor, and also a day (not always the same) of the month of October, 1793. This last piece of information supplies a clue to the whole mystery, and, as the paper is pronounced by experts to belong without doubt to the period referred to, affords convincing proof of the genuine character of the remains. The box has, in the course of unknown migrations, received rather rough usage, for several osseous fragments are scattered on the bottom.—[Chicago Herald.

Cheaper Than Doctors' Bills.

Said one William Ladd in St. Louis recently: "For years I was a sufferer from rheumatism. I tried every known remedy. At last I received some relief from the application of electricity. This gave me an idea, and I resolved to utilize the electricity that is in every man's body, and give it a chance to get out. I had my boots made with copper wire running the length of the sole and drawn through the center of the heel, so that its end is exposed to the ground or pavement, thus making a ground wire to carry off the surplus fluid in the body, and since that day I have never had a tinge of rheumatism, nor has any person whom I have induced to try this simple remedy."

The diamond drill is pointed with black diamonds.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price $1; by mail, $1.15.

It is but a base, ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for **Nursing Mothers**, weak women and children.

Fear manifested invites danger; concealed cowards insult known ones.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Talk little and well and you will be taken for somebody.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies.

Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box

FISH IN BOILING WATER.

A Species Discovered That Thrive in That Element.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1876. At that time both the Hale & Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200-foot level." When at that depth a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. The accident flooded both mines to the depth of 400 feet. After the water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 128 degrees—nearly scalding hot—many queer-looking little blood-red fish were taken out. In appearance they resembled goldfish.

They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if they had been boiled.

Eyeless fish are common enough in all subterranean lakes and rivers, but this is the only case on record of living fish being found in boiling water.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

What, Indeed!

Among authors there are but few who take the slightest interest in social or political questions. So far as public questions are concerned, they are hardly better informed than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. During the French revolution, one of his friends burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." "Has he?" said Rossetti, calmly; "what has he come for?"

Letting Him Down Easy.

A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Third. It read thus: "His gracious Majesty has been pleased to issue a new commission, in which your name does not appear."

None but Royal

Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

Lovell Diamond Cycles

ARE THE BEST
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
AGENTS WANTED

Send 6c. in stamps for 100-page illustrated catalogue of bicycles, guns, and sporting goods of every description.
John P. Lovell Arms Co. Boston, Mass.

DRINK CHERRY AMBROSIA EASIER MADE THAN LEMONADE. TRADE MARK

Directions.—Teaspoonful Cherry Ambrosia and tablespoonful sugar, mixed with either cold or hot water. Ask for bottles at grocers and druggists, 25 and 50c. Send 6 2c. stamps for sample, by mail, or $1.00 for two 50c. bottles, by express, prepaid,—enough to make several gallons. (Agents make big pay with us.)

Quiets the Nerves. Cools the Blood. Quenches Thirst. Aids Digestion.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO. 235 Wash'n st. Boston, Mass.

The Wonderful Patch Plate

A new and scientific principle for mending Tin, Brass, Copper, Iron and Lead, without the use of acid or soldering iron. One plate costing 15 cents will mend 100 ordinary leaks, which would cost to repair at any tinsmith's from 5 to 10 cents each. **Price 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents.** Anyone can use it. Full directions with each plate. Address THE PATCH PLATE CO., 1614 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 40 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Marie Cyphilene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

GOITRE CURED SEND for FREE Circular. J. N. Klein, Belleville, N. J.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE

For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

RIPANS TABULES

act gently yet promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box (6 vials), 75c. Package (4 boxes), $1. For free sample address RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

RIPANS TABULES

ENO 29

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JULY 20.

THE RACKET

No. 9 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"I travel all over the U. S., and you can say for me and I mean it too, that I never saw so many goods packed in a room of this size anywhere."

THIS IMMENSE STOCK

Bought for Cash and sold for Cash only is at your service. Eight well-trained experienced clerks to wait on you regularly, and from twelve to fourteen on Saturdays, and always busy, gives you an idea of the amount of goods that pass over our counters daily. You get no such value for your money anywhere in the county and you can easily pay your car fare and other expenses in making a trip to the County Seat, out of the savings, in making your necessary purchases.

Retailing Goods at . . . . . Wholesale Prices,

Is the Racket idea in a nut-shell.

That it is done here every day, is beyond dispute. How it is done and with what success, we'll tell U

Later On!

G. R. SPIGELMEYER,
SHEM SPIGELMEYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa

PERSONAL.

——J. D. Murray spent Sunday in Boalsburg, the guest of his brother.

——Prof. W. T. Meyer, of Bellefonte was in Centre Hall on Wednesday.

——Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte, visited friends in the valley on Tuesday.

——Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meyer spent Saturday and Sunday last at Rebersburg, visiting friends.

——Miss Jennie Boal departed on Saturday evening on a several weeks' visit to friends at Tyrone.

——Cashier John P. Harris and Kyle McFarlane, of Bellefonte, were seen in Centre Hall a few days ago.

——Prof. H. F. Bitner, of the Millersville State Normal school, arrived in Centre Hall, Tuesday morning.

——Mr. Michael Derstine, after an illness of several weeks, is able to get about again and visit his friends.

——Mrs. Simon Harper and son Harry, left last Saturday on an extended visit to friends at Curwensville, Pa.

——Salesman and candidate for sheriff John Condo, of Penn Hall, was in town Tuesday looking up his interests.

——Will Harpster arrived Monday noon from Freeport, Illinois, being hastily summoned by the serious illness of his mother.

——Miss Irvine arrived at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Rev. Eisenberg, on Monday, after a several weeks' visit in Bedford county.

——Mrs. Lafayette Neff is still without any improvement in her illness, which the many friends of the estimable lady will regret to learn.

——Mr. Wm. Grossman, of Tusseyville called on Monday morning and enrolled his name on our list. He wants the news like all the rest.

——Mr. J. G. Kurtz, of Washington, D. C., arrived last Saturday evening and remained several days the guest of his brother, the editor of the REPORTER.

——Mr. Amos Lee, of Tusseyville while in town on Wednesday, dropped into the REPORTER office, and for the next year will read all the news. He knows which is the best.

——Harry Bibighaus and son Russel, of Philadelphia, spent several days in this vicinity this week. Harry is an old hardware salesman, and is popular over his entire route.

——Prof. W. P. Hosterman, formerly principal of the Centre Hall schools, but for several years assistant at the Bellefonte high schools, will not fill his former position for the coming year, and has retired.

——J. H. Reifsnyder, of this place, was to Buffalo, N. Y., last week, to undergo treatment for neuralgic troubles. He returned on last Monday with a month's treatment and says he can already feel a change for the better.—Millheim *Journal.*

——Mrs. Hosterman, nee Vore, the widow of David Hosterman, of Osceola, Ohio, is visiting friends in the valley. She and her husband were natives of Haines township, which they left for Ohio, a quarter of a century ago.

——John Harkins, of Orifino, Neb., arrived here last Wednesday, and is visiting his friends in the vicinity. John left here several years ago, and this is his first visit to his native home for some time. He looks hearty, and has been stopping at various points on his way east.

——Boyd Musser, of Bellefonte, was in town Tuesday interviewing the school directors. He represents the publishing firm of Ginn & Company, and handles a standard article. The Bellefonte school board has adopted the text books of his firm and other districts will also.

PASTOR RESIGNED.

Rev. Fischer Has Accepted a Call From a Shamokin Church.

Rev. W. E. Fischer, pastor of the Centre Hall Lutheran charge, last Sabbath morning informed the congregation here of his intention to resign, having accepted a call from the charge at Shamokin, Pa.

The resignation will take effect with the close of the pastoral year, early in August.

People generally, and the members of the Centre Hall congregation especially, regret to learn of the reverend gentleman's intention to leave, having served this charge to the utmost satisfaction of his people for about eighteen years, this being his first pulpit after leaving the seminary at Gettysburg.

On account of delicate health Rev. Fischer deems it advisable to accept an easier field. At Shamokin he will have but one congregation for his field, while his present charge embraces the congregations of Centre Hall, Union, Tusseyville, Georges Valley and Spring Mills, necessitating much travel often during the rigors of winter and inclemency of summer, a field which demands a pastor of stout frame and sound body.

The charge under Rev. Fischer's pastorate, has prospered exceedingly and after his departure he can look back at all times with gratification over good work done in this great vineyard of the Lord.

A Chance for Fame.

There is a chance for two REPORTER readers winning fame. Is there no bicyclist in the county anxious to become famous by treading his machine from Centre county to the World's Fair? It would be romantic and cheap, and give him coveted fame besides.

What Centre county citizen desires to win notoriety by footing it to the World's Fair? Such a feat of pedestrianism would be worthy of the feet of the hero undertaking it, and he could return to be a capital fellow to "run for office" on foot, and "get there" sure.

Here are two sure chances for honest notoriety, that will lay the foundation for a lecture or give one the inside track for office.

Owen Coplin, of Milroy, Dead.

Owen Coplin, of Milroy, who has been feeling unwell for some time, went to Harrisburg, Monday of last week to visit his son Mac. The following Wednesday evening Mac and his father visited a physician. After an examination the doctor took the son aside and told him his father's heart was affected and he was surprised he had not died two hours before and that he had better get him home as quietly and speedily as possible, as he was liable to expire at any moment. The two then took a street car for home and as they were about to enter the house Mr Coplin fell dead. His remains were taken to Milroy for burial Friday.—Lewistown *Gazette.*

Offer a Reward.

The county commissioners of Mifflin county, have offered a reward of $300 for the arrest and detection of Al. Close, the murderer of George W. Pricketts, at Lucy Furnace, last Sunday a week, who has not been taken and is thought to be in hiding in the mountains. As the lobe of his left ear is off, as well as otherwise distinctly marked, it is thought he can be easily identified if he once ventures out into the open country.

Gored By a Bull.

John Musser, Jr., of near Pine Grove Mills, was almost gored to death by a bull on Monday evening of last week. He was leading the bull to the stable, when the animal attacked him, throwing him fifteen feet in the air, breaking a rib and otherwise injuring him. Timely assistance prevented fatal injuries.

Sudden Illness.

Last Saturday morning, the wife of postmaster Brisbin was seized with a sudden illness, which at the time was supposed to be a stroke of paralysis, as her left side was affected, but since the physician reports nervous prostration. She is confined to her bed with signs of gradual improvement.

Great Cash Sale.

Great Cash Sale of Stiff Hats—brown, light brown, tans and blacks—for men and boys.

$1.50 Hats, - now $1.00
$2.00 Hats, - now $1.50
$2.50 and $3.00 Hats, now $2.00

MONTGOMERY & Co.
Bellefonte

Only One Size.

Postmaster General Bissell has decided to abandon three sizes of postal cards now in use and to substitute one size for both single and reply cards. The regular size will be 3½ by 5½ inches which is known as the international size.

A New Church.

Another new church is to go up. The Dubbs Evangelical people will erect a new church in Gregg township, close to Sober station, and arrangements are already under way for it.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

CENTENNIAL REUNION.

The Reformed People of Centre Co. to Picnic at Centre Hall.

The people of the Reformed congregations in Centre county are making preparations for a centennial reunion to take place in Wolf's grove, at Centre Hall, on Wednesday, August 16.

This year is the one hundredth since the Reformed church in the United States declared itself independent of the Synod of Holland, Dutch Reformed church, and is being celebrated by large gatherings at central points throughout.

A meeting of a committee was held at Bellefonte last week and Centre Hall was chosen as the place for holding the reunion, it being centrally located, and affording facilities which no other point possesses.

Arrangements will be made for the running of special trains during the day, giving the public an opportunity to come by rail.

Committees have been appointed and are already preparing a program, etc., for the reunion at this place. Prominent speakers from a distance will be present, music adapted to the occasion, and social pleasures, will make a day long to be remembered by all who take part in it. As it will be in the nature of a basket picnic, each family will furnish its own eatables.

A Colored Citizen Dead.

William Potter, colored, died last night at his home on Ridge street, says the *Daily Gazette* of Saturday. For several months he had been ailing and gradually grew worse until about two weeks ago when his case became rather serious. He finally lost control of his limbs and his mind also became affected. It is said that his death was caused by softening of the brain.

He was 61 years of age and a very quiet, inoffensive and good man. He was born at Potters Mills, and was a son of Dinah, daughter of Nero Wade, Gen. Potter's army servant in the Revolutionary war. Nero died in 1852. For many years he was employed in Wilson and McFarlane's hardware store. He connected himself with the Presbyterian church in Penns Valley, and after his removal to Bellefonte, united with the Presbyterian church, and lived and died a consistent christian. He was a faithful and industrious man, and had hosts of friends. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his loss. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock from his late residence.

Letters That Made Her Tired.

A girl recently found a lot of love letters written by her father to her mother many years before they were married. The daughter read them to her mother, pretending they were of recent date, and substituted her own name for that of her mother's and the name of a young man well known to both of them for her father's. The mother was very much disgusted and has forbidden her daughter to have anything to do with a young man that will write such nonsense and sickening stuff.

He Stole a Watch.

Thomas L. Barry, who claims Bellefonte as his home, was arrested on Wednesday evening for stealing a watch from Sam Heidler, in the vicinity of Beyers Planing Mill, at Tyrone. He given a hearing before Squire Taylor, and in default of $200 bail was locked up. He was under the influence of liquor at the time and created considerable excitement before being captured

Promoted.

On Wednesday Mr. William L. Fry received notice of his transfer from the Lewisburg station to the freight department at Williamsport, the salary of the new position being $150 per month, says the Lewisburg *News.* Will is a son of Jonathon Fry, years ago a resident and miller of Haines township, this county. We congratulate our friend upon his promotion.

Typhoid Fever at Renovo.

It is reported that Renovo has one hundred and forty cases of typhoid fever, principally among the railroad shop employes which circumstance has led to the conclusion that the water furnished by the railroad company, which is taken from sources other than those of the regular town water supply was the cause of the disorder.

A Blind Bicycler.

Lock Haven has a blind wheelman in the person of Alfred Dunn, the organist of the Episcopal church. Frequently he is seen on their streets on his wheel; with no other guide than a youug lady who precedes him several yards and rings a bell.

Want Unfermented Wine.

The women church members of Bellefonte are making a strong and hot fight against the use of fermented wine at communion service. They want the substitution of unfermented grape juice.

——Go to Lewins, Bellefonte, for your clothing. Their styles are perfect in every respect. Suits neat in pattern, stylishly cut and elegantly made. Nothing quite so good anywhere.

THE COMET IS THERE.

How to Locate It With Glasses or the Naked eye.

There is a real live comet in the sky visible to the naked eye. It is thought to be Bordame's comet, and the tail seems to be about ten degrees in length.

The Harrisburg *Patriot* says of it: "The comet is quite bright and easily visible to the naked eye, even in the strong twilight of the evening sky about 8.45 o'clock, and can be observed in a field glass until after ten o'clock. It has a very bright nucleus and a tail which can be traced for a distance of fully three degrees from the head of the comet. If the reported position of its discovery is correct, it has moved about two degrees toward the west since the 8th of July. It will be readily found by tracing a line through the star forming the corner of the great dipper nearest the handle down through the star at the opposite corner. Continue this line nearly double the distance between them downward and two stars just in the corner of the Ursa Major will be met. Just below this about three degrees and a little to the west the comet was seen, but it will be found somewhat nearer the two third magnitude stars. The tail points almost directly upward, though it does lean a little toward the east."

LONG SERVICE.

Gregg Township Officials Who Have Served Long Terms in Office.

Gregg township has a constable, Reuben Kline, who has served the office over 22 years.

Esq. Samuel J. Herring, of same township, has served as a justice of the peace for over 30 years.

Major Fisher, of same township, has served as postmaster for more than 30 years.

The next in official service in same township, is Justice M. L. Rishel, who has served in that capacity since the death of his venerable father, some 18 years ago.

Gregg township, it appears, holds on to its good men, which is not a bad principle.

A Hard Question Solved.

"How could two persons be born at the same time and die at the same time, at the end of fifty years, and yet one of them live a hundred days more than the other?" is a query propounded to the writer the other day. Can you tell? Perhaps not. Well, the answer turns upon the familiar fact that a person who goes around the world toward the west loses a day, whilst the person who travels in the opposite direction gains a day. We will suppose then, that the two men in question were born in New York, from whence a trip around the world may easily be made once a year. One of them goes always towards the west, the other towards the east. One loses a day every year, the other gains a day every year. When the men die, after fifty years of age, one has seen one hundred days more than the other.

Lutheran Reunion.

The eighth annual reunion of the Lutherans of Blair and adjoining counties will be held at Martinsburg on Tuesday, August 22. A pleasing program is in preparation and a delightful time may be anticipated. The good people of Martinsburg will spare no pains to accord to their friends a hearty welcome. The Pennsylvania railroad company has kindly consented to furnish transportation at excursion rates from all points in the territory of the reunion.

Straightened Up Again.

A week or more ago while painting the steeple of the Emanuel church at Tusseyville, the scaffolding caught the force of a storm, and the steeple was almost blown down. It was pulled from its base and the top thrown over a foot out of plumb. The church peothought it necessary to rebuild, but by considerable work the steeple was put back into its place and firmly braced, and the members spared considerable expense.

Beautifying the Yard.

The court house yard at Bellefonte has at last been placed in a respectable shape by the commissioners, and the effect will be pretty when completed. Two fountains have been purchased and placed in the centre of each plot, and other improvements have been made in it. The fountains cost about $500.

Miss Pattison to Marry.

The latest gossip in Harrisburg society circles is the announcement of the engagement of Heron Crossman of New York, and Miss Vinnie Pattison, only daughter of Governor Pattison. When the wedding will take place it probably has not been decided, but it will likely be before the governor retires from the executive mansion.

A Cave Party.

Tuesday morning Bellefonte's tally-ho went through town to the cave, loaded down with young people, who were on an outing.

——If you are in need of a new hat come and see my stock, I have the finest stock of spring styles of hats ever brought to this place.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

Don't Miss This.

The largest line of ladies' and misses' spring wraps and jackets--lovely styles; the very latest New York fashions, at $2, 2.50, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. A magnificent line of ladies' and misses' jackets and coats with capes--the triple cape, butterfly capes, $4.50 to $12.

$20,000 Worth of Clothing--

Spring and summer clothing for men and young men, boys and children, black cheviot, blue cheviot, brown cheviot, mixed cheviot, double breasted, single breasted. Rough cheviotts in black, blue, brown and mixed; children's jersey suits, from 2.50 up to 8.00. Boy's suits from 1.25 to very finest at 4.00, 5, 6 and 8.00. Boy's suits, latest New York styles, 2.00 up to 10.00 Men's suits, from 3.50 to 15.00.

The Best Wearing Shoes in the World

the Douglas. Shoes for men; every pair warranted, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00. For boys, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50.

LYON & Co., Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Bucknell University.

This Institution now has nearly one million dollars invested in fixed and working capital. It comprises five schools—COLLEGE for young men and young women; ACADEMY for boys; ladies' INSTITUTE; MUSIC SCHOOL and ART SCHOOL. It owns a thirty acre campus and ten buildings, including new Gymnasium, new Laboratory and new Observatory. For catalogue, cuts of buildings and other information, address the Registrar, Wm. C. Gretzinger, Lewisburg, Pa.

Will Close Down.

We see it mentioned that the Bellefonte Furnace company, the Collins brothers owners, will bank its fires the last of this week or the beginning of next for a period of from thirty to sixty days. This action is taken because of the low price and limited demand for iron. The company has now on hand about seven thousand tons of metal, which will be sufficient to supply its customers for sixty days, when they will again resume. In the meantime its numerous ore mines will be run to their full capacity.

Wedded.

Last Wednesday evening, the nuptials were performed in the Presbyterian church, at Bellefonte, which united in marriage Miss Gertrude Spigelmyer and Mr. J. E. D. Huffman, of Williamsport. Several hundred invitations were issued, and the bride and groom were the recipients of many valuable and costly presents. They will locate in Williamsport, where the groom is an architect and in connection with his father is engaged in an extensive business.

Cannot Come Under the Act.

Relative to the act increasing the fees of justices and constables, Judge Reeder of Easton has decided that only justices and constables elected since the passage of the act were entitled to fees under it. This decision shuts out every justice and constable in the county, and in fact the entire state.

Unsightly.

The mud hole still continues unabated in the centre of the diamond. The council has been reminded of this nuisance again and again, but its unsightliness still remains. Cannot our councilmen find means to abate this nuisance?

Great Advantages.

You will not make a mistake by calling at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, for clothing for men, boys and children. They will give you greater satisfaction for your money than any other dealer. Unusual bargains will be given.

One Way Out.

It has been agreed between the two factions of the Evangelical Church in this State that the cases in Reading, Easton, Norristown and Williamstown, growing out of controversies over church property, shall be argued together before the Supreme Court next spring and that the decision shall be accepted as final in all other pending cases in Pennsylvania.

——Lewins, Bellefonte, take the lead in suits for men and boys. Nothing quite so stylish or better made. Call and be convinced.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Wheat	68
Rye	58
Corn	46
Oats new	35
Barley	40
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	14
Eggs	14
Lard	10
Shoulders	12
Ham	13
Tallow	4
Potatoes	65
Sides	10

A New Line of choice Patterns, of Irish Lawns, Challis, Ginghams, etc. Straw seats, hammocks.

o—o

10c. For a dozen of Palm Fans.

o—o

50c. for a pair of very neat Lace Curtains.

o—o

19c. For a nice brass trim-walnut Curtain Pole.

o—o

5c. for a fair Gingham for Aprons.

o—o

5c. for a regular 10c. bottle of Mucilage.

o—o

4c. for a spool of Coat's Cotton, the best in the world. Others offer inferior thread for the money.

o—o

4c. for a cake of fine quality washing soap.

Carmans.